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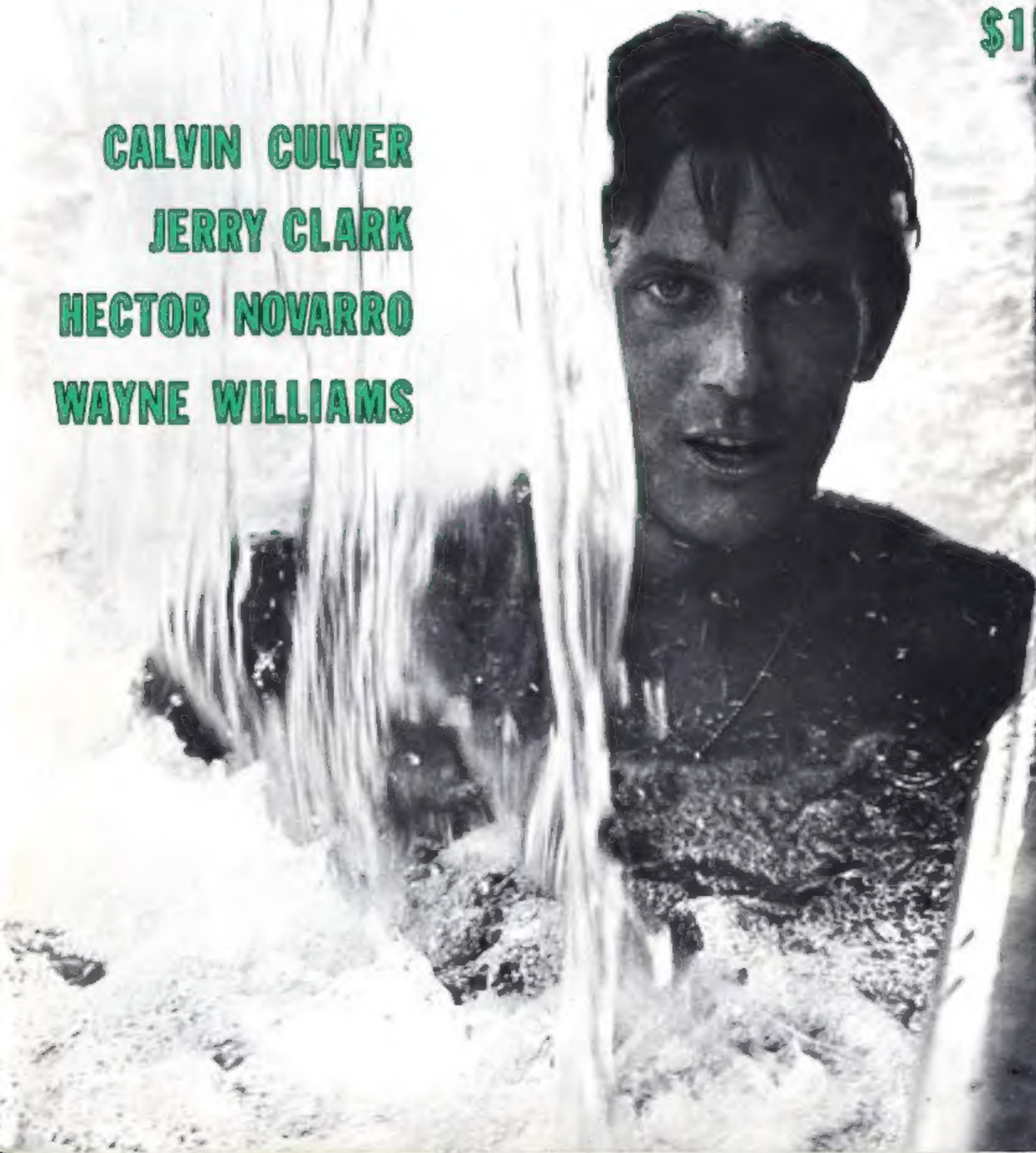
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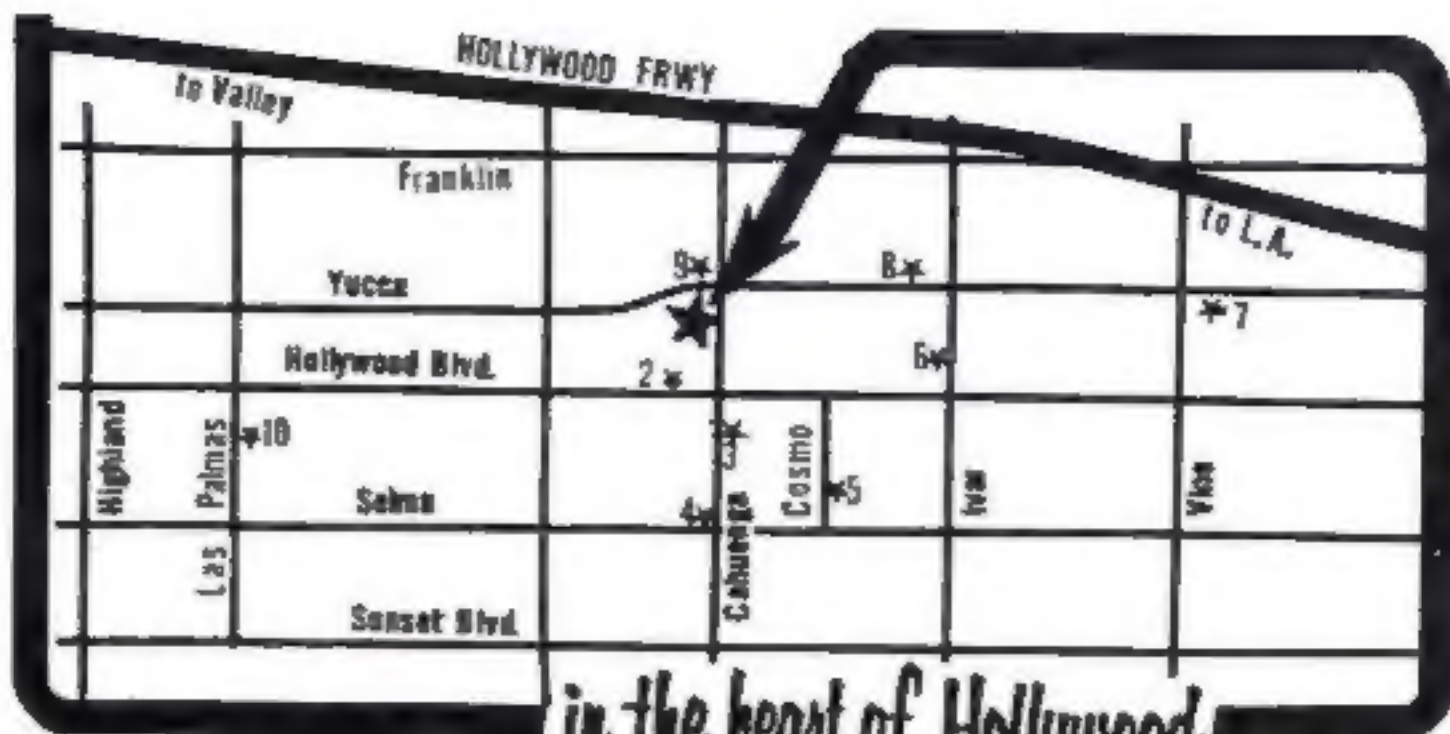
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IN TOUCH

celebrating gay awareness



vol. 1, no. 10

july 1974

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keeping

IN TOUCH

Dear Sir:

After six issues, IN TOUCH has gotten it together.

April's Discovery, David Miller, is a mind blower!—and my nomination for "Discovery of the Year"! If *Time* can maintain its "Man of the Year" and *Playboy* its "Playmate of the Year," then what's to prevent an IN TOUCH "Discovery of the Year"?

Please extend my congratulations to Hugh Harrison for the excellent photo studies and the beguiling cover story on David Miller. When can we expect Miller in your IN TOUCH PORTRAIT series?

Thanks for presenting us with David Miller. Wow, what an embodiment of the masculine mystique! Let's have more discoveries like him! And thanks for keeping us IN TOUCH!

Right on!
Chuck of Hilo

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on a wonderful article ("The Fact That Launched ...")

with outstanding photography and an illuminating essay it just naturally had to be the highlight of the issue.

Needless to say, David Miller is a phenomenal looking guy, and your two-page spread posed on the swing is breathtaking. The composition as well as his beautiful body makes it truly unique.

Would you kindly tell me how much you would charge for a glossy reprint (same size—or full to include his feet) of that portrait?

Thank you for your time and consideration, and good luck on all your future work.

Sincerely,
George Gallego

Dear In Touch:

In all my 39 years I have never been inclined to write a fan letter, but I must take pen in hand to congratulate you on the format and content of In Touch magazine.

It's great to have a magazine for just

Gays, especially one that's done with taste and discretion. Your articles carry an implied sensuality, as opposed to hardcore pornography. In Touch magazine would offend no one, especially those "straights" who are realistic enough to recognize that the sexual preferences of an individual and the pursuit of those preferences, are his right.

I particularly enjoy your celebrity profile and would like to recommend one for an article in the near future. The very handsome, sexy, well-built actor, Dack Rambo, co-star of the "Dirty Sally" television series, would be a definite plus for any issue. How about a little research on this stud—maybe a personal interview, accented by some full-length photographs. This boy not only has a beautiful body and magnificent tail, he has the greatest basket since the loaves and fishes. Maybe your most convincing interviewer could persuade friend Dack that a few nude shots were in order—all of your nudes are beautifully done and his would be classics.

Hope you don't mind the suggestions. Keep up the good work with the magazine, it's really great.

Regards,
G.H.

Gentlemen:

I was pleased to see Jim Kepner's perceptive and intelligent article on integration vs. separatism in the May, 1974 issue.

Homosexual separatism that is the concentration of gay people in certain specific neighborhoods of certain large cities would not only give Gays economic and political power, it would also help to build a true homosexual culture and lessen the gender confusion so rampant among our people as a result of immersion in a heterosexual culture.

Homosexuals Intransigent! has long advocated separatism as the best solution for most of the problems of homosexuals, those interested in learning more on this subject and/or in helping us build a homosexual homeland are welcome to contact us at the address below.

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In Touch comments

It's easy to be cynical about gay weddings, as it is about gay church services—if one has not experienced the surge of communal love which such occasions can produce even in skeptics.

The first gay event I ever attended was a gala gay wedding at San Francisco's Mark Hopkins Hotel—a grand farce really—yet I feel that half the participants would have preferred to take the ritual seriously. They didn't know how. The language and techniques for transforming this age-old hetero ceremony into something honest, moving and meaningful for Gays hardly seemed to exist back in 1943.

Many Gays feel, as I have sometimes written, that marriage is an outworn trap which even heterosexuals are lucky to be escaping from, and why should Gays be so anxious to rush into it?

But many other Gays deeply and honestly want it, and who are we to deny them the right? Who are we to snicker at their serious pledging? The fact that hetero monogamy is a badly frayed institution, with gay marriages having as yet no established legal status, as well as the notion held by many that it is wrong to try to tie love into a package, is quite beside the point when two persons strongly desire to ceremonialize their love.

If some Gays have already sighted a brave new world where monogamy is passé and love needs no certification, it must still be recognized that many others find such a prospect unthinkable. For them liberation consists in gaining equal access to the traditional privileges, symbols and relationship patterns of our society. It is intellectual fascism to demand that they conform to the revolutionary vision of a free-world family which others of us entertain.

I want to see that new world come to pass—but not by the sort of forced conversions with which official Christianity was imposed on the pagan world in Constantine's day. If the open and unrestricted love which some of us dream of is to become worldwide, converts must be won by the heart, and until then, we

must respect those Gays who still wish to follow the old forms. And we may be amazed, as has happened so often in the past, that a rejuvenation can enter into those old forms.

Which is a roundabout way of commenting on the stately beauty of the ceremony of union by which the Rev. Lee Carlton was joined to Randy Miller at the new home of Metropolitan Community Church, Los Angeles, on April 27. With Revs. Troy Perry and Frieda Smith officiating, the ceremony was impressive, excitingly beautiful, deeply moving—an experience which will be long remembered by the several hundred participants. For regulars, it was just another high point in the magic which MCC has exercised continuously in Los Angeles for almost six years, and which has spread now to 60 other

American cities as well as London, Toronto, Montreal and Zaria, Nigeria. Non-religious Gays, as well as many who are religious but who are still shaky about accepting their gayness openly, along with a few who are turned off by the particular formula of service evolved by each local MCC, may fail to appreciate what a liberating and loving experience MCC can be, but even skeptics who drop in for a look-see are generally overwhelmed by the creative charge that is always present.

Most MCC members believe firmly that it is the spirit of Jesus that produces all the magic. I hope it will not offend some of my fellow MCC members when I say that it is also very significantly the released spirit of the gay community that is dynamically at work charging people up, freeing them of guilt and shame, affirming their mutual love and commitment. The essential thing is that it works—even for persons not much concerned with theological fine points.


The wedding was the send-off for a super-high weekend, which at one point found even blind Gays dancing together and crossing the lines of color and gender. There was an almost unending series of exciting musical presentations, and an astonishing parade of politicians who either came in person (four city councilmen out of 15) or who sent messages (Secretary Kissinger, Chief Davis, Congressman Barry Goldwater, Jr., Senators McGovern and Tunney, several assemblymen). Only an ambiguous message from the office of the White House drew bursts of derision from the packed house. A warm message from the new Southern California bishop of the Episcopal Church acknowledged that the church had in the past been a poor pastor to homophiles, but no notice was taken by other non-MCC churches.

Considerable emotion was packed into the realization by all present that MCC church buildings in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Venice and Louisville, and a San Francisco MCC service center had been destroyed by arsonists, plus the loss of New Orleans' MCC pastor and half that congregation in last year's Upstairs bar fire—but this spirit was summed up by Troy Perry, who started it all, saying, "They can burn us out, but they can never again drive us out."

—JIM KEPNER

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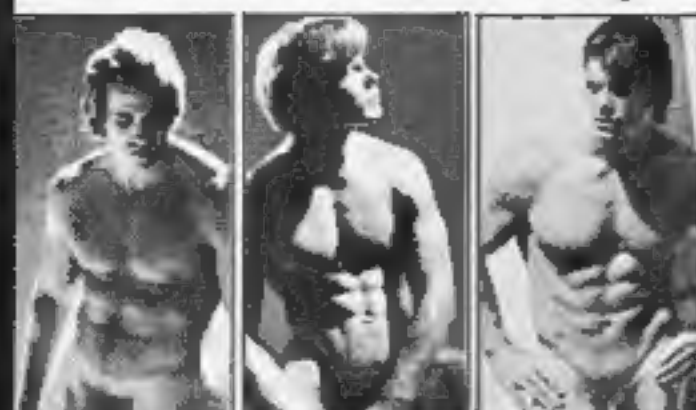
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In Touch

Good feelings of strength, confidence and optimism will come with the rays of July's summer sun. There will also be a trend towards an increase in your finances, but be on guard, you'll feel like spending it faster than you get it. Love life can be at a standstill this month for late Cancerians, but earlier Cancerians may be meeting a lover from the past. This month could be very active. There are possibilities for changes with long-range effects. Be smooth, don't let your overactive emotions control you. Health-wise don't take any chances; Saturn's in Cancer and taking vitamins would be a precaution.

First Decanate June 22 to July 1

With explosive Pluto squaring many of your Suns for the next few months, many of you will be going through drastic changes. It is the time when you may be experiencing the best and worst moments of your life. Saturn being near many of your Suns can cause heavy moods for some of you, but try not to get depressed over nothing. There is a favorable possibility of meeting new friends, some of whom will be quite helpful and pleasant. Chances are that one of these new friends will be involved with you in a small affair. Be prepared, don't be surprised if everything happens at once.

Second Decanate July 1-July 11

Your social life can be swinging, pleasant and bubbling with a strong possibility of a small affair going on. With Jupiter trining your Sun, many of you should be experiencing an uplift in the way you feel, think and act. A vacation this month will bring you much enjoyment. For the more serious Cancers, this is a good time to improve your mind through serious study and meditation.

Third Decanate July 11-July 21

Uranus, it seems, will be causing many upheavals. It will be throwing all kinds of strange events to color your life. Watch your friends as they can be causing many emotional upsets to you. One

quite favorable indication is that any investments are favorable at this time. There is also a possibility that some of you will gain quite a large sum of money from someone you already know. You may have an urge to go on a wild shopping spree, but because of transiting Saturn it would be better to be practical about it.

Leo "The Proud, Sensitive Lion"

With Mars transiting near your Sun many lions will be flying high with an extra boost of energy and spirit. Keep calm, Leo, you can roar yourself into a tremendous argument. Your strong social tendencies will be even stronger this month. You should be living it up quite a lot; seeing many friends; going places. Going out so much can be tiring for you, but if poor little Tomcat can't go out, he's going to get very down. Money is no problem for most of you this month, so enjoy yourself.

Virgo "The Nature's Child"

This month, Virgo, your main concern seems to be recent friendships. Your social life may not be as active as you would like and new people will be hard to meet. But this cloud has a silver lining. The friend you meet will accept you as you are, and this friendship will be real and longlasting. You may be taking a sentimental journey this month with a rather beautiful companion. If you're job hunting, this can be the time a job break opens. Stay practical and all will be swell.

Libra "The Beautiful One"

You'll be spending much time thinking about your career this month. If you are bored or disillusioned with it, you'll have a strong urge to quit. Chances are, it won't be easy this month so quitting is not advisable. Try not to be so sensitive at work as it will cause tensions this month. Romantically you'll find yourself attracting more than the usual number of admirers. Venus will be shedding her rosy rays in your favor this month. Hope you use this advantage wisely. If you don't, you may regret it.

Scorpio "The Mysterious"

There will be a strong tendency to be

with the stars

tense and emotional this month for practically no reason. Try to find ways to ease your tensions. There is a great possibility you will be going on a distant journey to some remote corner of the globe. Those of you that have affairs in progress will find a new intensity growing. Those of you that are alone stand a fairly good chance of finding someone. Watch your temper—especially at work. Just try to be mellow until this month is over.

Sagittarius "The Optimistic Archer"

You may overly concern yourself with someone else's finances this month. You may be helping them out more than necessary. Because Mars is trining your Sun, you should feel a little more aggressive and stronger this month. There's a reason to be optimistic this month for the aspects are favorable for you finding someone interesting to put a little love into your life. It's something you've been waiting for.

Capricorn "The Ambitious Goat"

It seems these will be the moments you will be learning lessons in the "Art of Love." You will probably more than any other time desire a longlasting relationship. Chances are good for the start of a new affair. You should be quite sexually active this month and be feeling more optimistic in the pattern of your thoughts.

Aquarius "The Unusual Lover of Life"

July can be very interesting as far as employment goes. There is a possibility you will start a new job this month. And if things run smoothly, you should find yourself interested in quite a charming new lover. Venus trining your Sun can bring a sudden uplift to your life, one you know you've needed. Don't get carried away into any hasty relationships because Mars is in Leo and too much haste can cause quarrels and misunderstandings. Give yourself time. Control those heavy Uranian flashes and let your love flow.

Pisces "The Dreamer"

Now, Pisces, everything should have been going quite well for you in the last few months. Love affairs should be moving along well. This month many

Pisceans can finally get their Neptunian dreams down in some serious work on the arts. Don't let your fantasies ruin things for you. Be on the lookout for deception for you are more than normally susceptible to it. So, at this time especially, don't deceive yourself. Best to be realistic about love this month.

Aries "The Adventurous Ram"

Aries, this is a time you will find yourself remodeling something in your home or apartment. There may be much entertainment this month in your home. If you have not received any letters in the mail you might find some pleasant messages from close friends soon. Mars trining your Sun can bring much activity and a quick but pleasant love affair. Try not to let it interfere with a more stable relationship. Be careful not to be so selfish as this trait can cause problems if you let it control your better self.

Taurus "The Determined Bull"

This is a pleasant but quiet month. You will probably be reading more and finally getting down to writing some letters. You might want to move this month but you'd best think twice about it. The friends you meet may be helpful in more ways than one. Finances should be good with some extra bonus coming to you. Insecure feelings can cause worrying about financial matters, but don't—the money situation will work itself out quite well.

Gemini "The Versatile Twins"

Surprise! With a bonus of Venus in your chart much excitement will be created. If you're a normal Gemini, you will probably have three lovers at once and each one will be loved equally. A word of caution: Guard against Neptune's dreamlike rays. They can put you into a rather charming illusion, concerning love, but when the illusion ends, it can cause a sudden shock. You also might find your finances troubling, and you might have to be a bit more practical at this time. Practicality is a very unnatural Gemini trait. So if you stay down to earth financially, all should go quite well this month.

—DONN DEMIAN

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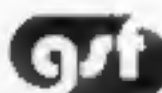
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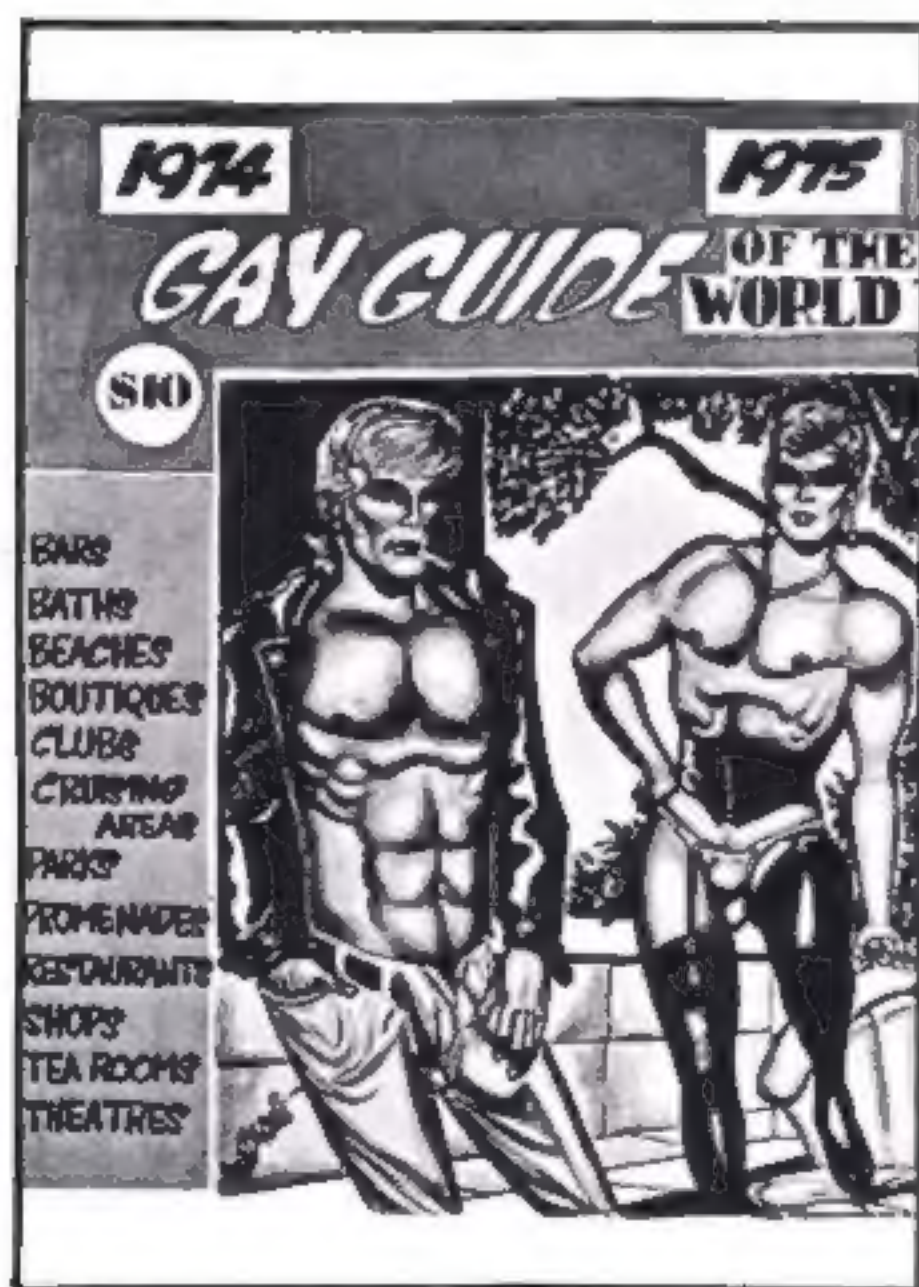
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CURTAIN CALL — New stage in showtimes soon. On the site of the old Dugger, Ken Lawry's Curtain Call promises to be a new hot spot in the Valley. Near the American Continental Baths just north of Burbank Blvd. Please call for showtimes. (213) 980-9955. 5443 Calhoun, North Hollywood.

FINOCCHIO'S — Bar and continuous entertainment. Caters largely to tourists, but employs female impersonators at good salaries and the show is usually fun. Sub Broadway, San Francisco.

FROLIC ROOM — One of the few places still featuring drag who do the lip sync type of entertaining. Long runway. Features occasional guest spots by celebrities. 141 Mason Street, San Francisco.

GAZEBO LOUNGE — How about that Gazebo Lounge, the showbar of the After Dark deserves a little recognition. Constantly turning over new shows with plenty of that New York talent a la mode. Paradise for good audience and talent scouts. The Gazebo Lounge maintains a strong independent atmosphere

while nestled in conveniently at After Dark on Beverly at La Cienega. West Hollywood.

GOLD STREET — One of the most famed showbars in the city by the Bay. Features name attractions, is well-known as the "home" of stellar impersonator, Charles Pierce. Two shows nightly, 9 and 11 PM. Gold Street, just off Montgomery, San Francisco.

THE GREEN OWL — Occasional shows. Extremely mixed giggling crowd assures plenty of entertainment otherwise. New experiment and fast growing. Heavy and light cruising intertwined gracefully. 1214 E. 4th, Long Beach.

LLOYD — Again and again, Miss Sandra Alexander sings soul into your unholy flesh, picking up the children by the toes and throwing them on the dance floor, while the fine young gentlemen talk sport at the bar and the ladies ladies dine and applaud. 739 N. La Brea, Hollywood.

MARY'S CELEBRITY HOUSE — Gina at the piano spel binds all the young men downstairs with her blue-eyed soul. Upstairs has majestic ocean-view dining. 5101 E. Ocean, Long Beach.

MARY'S HANG UP — Very mixed bar, always one scene or another happening here. Weekends have a unique drag show. Catch the Dimpled Darlings. 714 Garnet, Pacific Beach, San Diego.

THE NEW GASLIGHT — Posh atmosphere, unique game room, peopled by elegant connoisseurs of a key fare and joined on weekends by slowly growing crowd. A rare show, MONTY ROCK often performing, not to be missed. Just off Selma at Ivar behind the Ivar Theatre, Hollywood.

THE OXWOOD INN — All girl combo adds spiciness to very, very mellow rendezvous spot. Still taking shape, promises to be more than neighborhood spot. 13713 Oxnard, Van Nuys.

PIER XII — Weekend comic skits for campy fun. 12000 Santa Monica.

QUEEN MARY — Fun crowds always. Female impersonators, comic skits, live and pantomime, amateur nights. The showroom now has a name. The King's Den. 12449 Ventura, Studio City.

REDWOOD ROOM — Under the direction of that international beauty, Charmaine, the show has been lit with that touch of imagery that brings back the glory of this great

showbar. Come early. Standing room only. 3371 W. 8th., Wulshire District, Los Angeles.

SEE SAW — Cocktail lounge with fireplace. Large bar. Nice back patio. Across street from CBS, parking in rear. 7713 Beverly Blvd. (next door to Crest Motel), West Hollywood.

SHIP 'N SHORE — Behind Captain Dick's on Crenshaw you can find a spot for good people, friendly people, happy people, people you thought had vanished from the face of the faded planet. Entertainment every weekend includes specialty acts like hypnotists that "like to hypnotize gay boys" and comedy teams. Join me there. 5215 S. Crenshaw, Hawthorne.

SHOW BIZ — Manager-director Clint Johnson lives and breathes to entertain you. His TURNABOUTS is the best show going anywhere. Live singing, impersonation, burlesque acts, and pantomimes are all put through the limits of spectacle on a small stage. 1421 University, San Diego.

SUNSETEAST SHOWBAR — Yes, there is a drag show and yes, it is good. But there is much more. A local neighborhood spot that gets raucous proving that Silver Lake has her own brand of aley cats. Some trade but mostly just fun-loving ruffians. Jeff aims to please everybody, keeping his cozy little joint jumping. Across street from Delour, 4007 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake, Los Angeles.

TOY TIGER — Large lounge with great piano bar. Blake Hudson at the grand creating happy singalong of old favorites and current show tunes. Nightly mobs. 2538 Hyperion, Silver Lake, Los Angeles.

TROJAN SHIELD — If you've seen one tacky showbar you haven't seen them all. If you only see one more tacky showbar it might as well be this spot. The show has talent and the facilities, as usual, don't do them justice. Support your local drag show. 15122 Beach Blvd., Midway City.

VICTOR HUGO'S — Part of the entertainment complex includes a showroom for a variety of entertainment. Call for program. (213) 433-0331. 730 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

MOSTLY ON THE DANCE FLOOR

AFTER DARK — Disco, D.J. pulls in nightly congestion. Core regiment into fashion but atmosphere remains relaxed. One bar room, three bars, dining room, and lookout balcony. Find it on Beverly Blvd., the northeast corner at La Cienega Blvd., in West Hollywood.

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APOLLO'S TEMPLE — Bodybuilding shop where the Bay Area's butchest guys work out. Steam room. Special instruction if desired. Membership ps. 851 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco.

AQUARIUS — Small steam room, showers, TV room, private rooms. Heavy city. Fast score corridors. Interesting parties. Educated clientele. 4504 Eagle Rock, Eagle Rock, Los Angeles.

ATLAS BATHS — Small, lively downtown bath with raunchy types. Across from Bee Jays and USO. 743 Columbia, Downtown San Diego.

BACHELOR'S QUARTERS — One of the two or three most popular bathhouses on the Peninsula. The Stanford undergrads drop in. Beautiful attendants. 1934 University, Palo

A

BATHS — This one is in the Mission District, which means that the Latinos and Spanish speakers drop in. Small but compact. Sundeck for day bathers (or ballers). *Viva la difference!* 3244 21st Street, San Francisco.

CASTRO ROCK STEAM BATHS — Small bathhouse, featuring the Starlight Room, a romantic area for groups. Lockers and 30 private rooms available. Standard rates. 582 Castro Street, San Francisco.

CORRAL CLUB — Many corridors, many rooms, all sizes and shapes for all trips. Good services and accommodations. Always crowded, always variety; heavy young. 3747 Cahuenga, Studio City.

CYPRESS BATHS — Busy South Pasadena spot open to the public with 22 rooms and upstairs. Steam and sauna. Nice attendants. weekend crowds. 3241 N. Figueroa, South Pasadena—Mt. Washington.

CYPRESS BATHS — Formerly Gemini Baths. Small and private for early evening get togethers. 5291 Fountain, Hollywood.

DAVE S — Always busy with weekend crush scene. Clean and modern. Established. 4969 Santa Monica, Ocean Beach, San Diego.

DAVE S BATHS — Local branch of the famous chain. 300 lockers, 80 private rooms. largest steam room in town. Hot and cold running men, mostly hot — with overweight and over 700-pounders. sometimes denied admission. Open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. 100 Broadway, San Francisco.

FOOLSOM STREET BARRACKS — Erotic and erotic. Private rooms individually decorated with fantasy murals. Let your imagination run wild. Sauna, waterbed rooms, bunkhouse (for cowboys) and a go barroom upstairs. Monday night if you bring a couple of towels you get in free. 1145 Folsom Street, San Francisco.

Continued on Page 79

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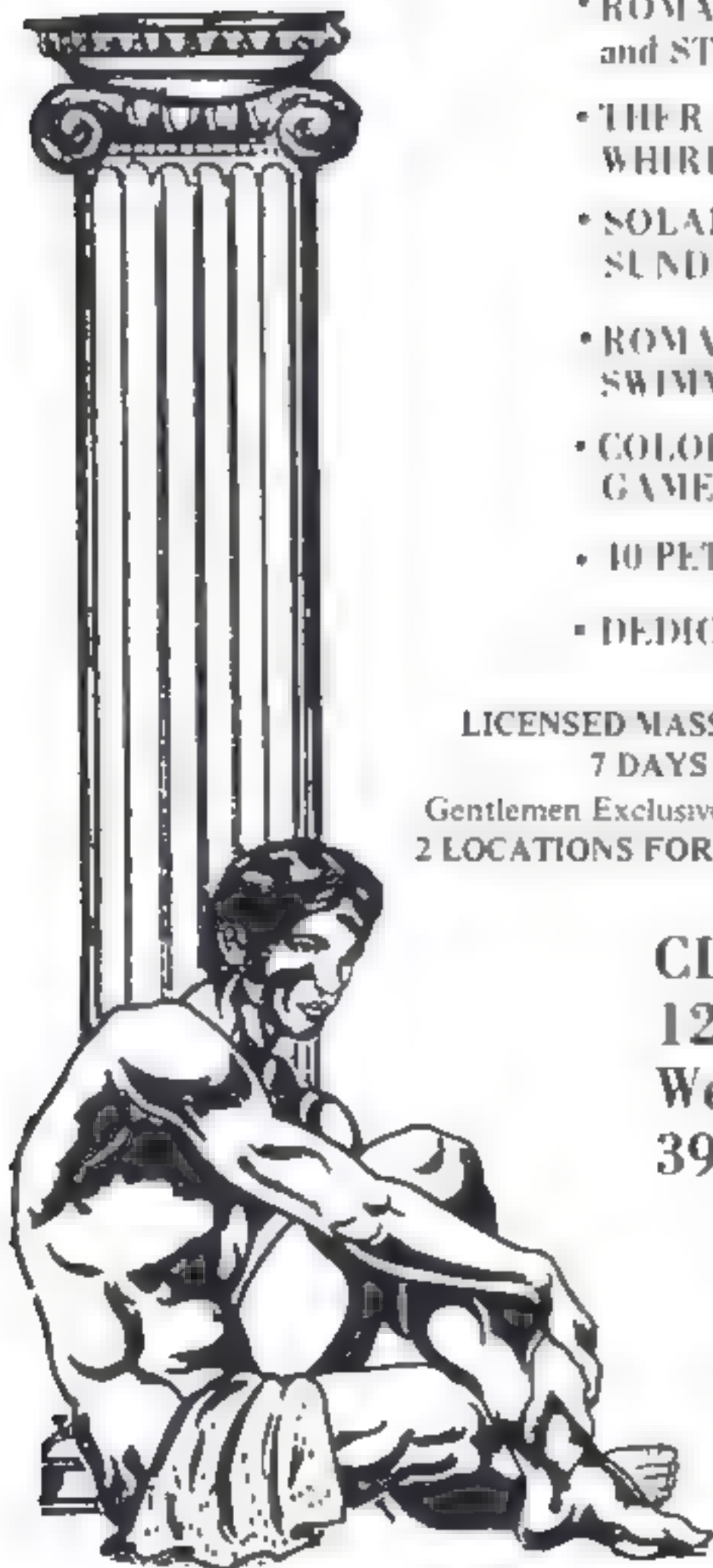
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CALVIN CULVER

LOOKIN' UP

Calvin Culver swept into the Beverly-Wilshire Hideaway exuding radiant good health, resplendent in an incredibly chic outfit he had just splurged on.

"Oh, I always splurge. I'm so profligate with money! But it gives me such a good feeling to buy something terribly expensive that I love and just show it off. I bought this super Safari jacket at Saks and plunked down 100 bucks for it. These black patent leather loafers are Gucci and the hairdo is Sassoon. I also had a manicure and, before I was through, I had gone through \$250. Bills are always hanging over my head but, like Mame, I want to live!"

Calvin (his real name is John Calvin Culver) was in town to plug his new film, *Score*, opening at the Ciné-Cienega and, hopefully, to change his hardcore porno image to a more respectable one.

"*Score* is the first film I've done that bridges the gap. My past has only caught up with me once when I lost a modeling job for a big men's line of toiletries because of it. I did porno strictly for the money and began with a bunch of sex reels for sleazy 42nd Street grind houses that sold under the aegis of sex education lectures. They had titles like *Dr. X* and *Twin Beds*. And then I did the Casey Donovan pictures that broke all existing box-office records coast to coast. Of course, when I made them, I had no idea how popular they were going to be. People who had seen them would encounter me on the street and absolutely freak out. I really have this incredible morality. I'm really very prim and uptight underneath, yet I've gone off the deep end frequently and done all kinds of things. I must be a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde sort of person."

Sitting opposite me at lunch, he looked more like Dorian Gray.

"I was born November 2, 1943, in Canandaigua, Florida. It's an Iroquois

Indian name. My father owns Culver's Motor Court down there. He's basically a farmer and a mechanical type person. He can build and fix anything. I have an older brother, Duane, who works for Eastman Kodak. And a mother who knows or, at least, suspects. She gave up two years ago asking me if I was ever going to get married. She said: 'Well, I guess you're never going to get married, are you?' I replied, 'No,' and introduced Donald, one of my lovers, to her.

"When I returned from making *Score* in Bakar, Yugoslavia, I got a very peculiar letter from her. She wrote: 'The weather's fine. Dad's growing a garden and we have radishes and tomatoes. Oh, I saw your picture in *Playboy*.' " [Bruce Williamson had written in the August 1973 issue: 'Calvin Culver, also known as Casey Donovan, star of gay films such as *Boys in the Sand*, is making the switch.']

"She ended her letter with the zinger: 'I hope you are able to make the switch. Love, Mom.'

"I had planned on doing a book called *Letters to Casey* with half text and half pictures because I was flooded with fan letters after *Boys in the Sand* but I'm trying to tone down the whole image right now rather than adding fuel to the fire. At one time I was literally going to kill off Casey Donovan. The week *The Back Row* opened in New York I wanted to take out an obit in *Variety* reading: 'In Memoriam Casey Donovan and the date.' But I decided better not kill off the goose that laid the golden egg. Someday my goose might be cooked and I might need Casey again. Everybody keeps saying how terrific my body is. But I never did anything with it until two years ago. When I made the Casey pictures, all I had done was cheerleading in college. Now I've started going to Gala Fitness an hour a day and working out on rings,

trapeze and parallel bars. Also some tumbling. I must be serious as I get up at eight and nine in the morning two or three days a week to do it. Right now I weigh 153 pounds and I augment my regimen with a lot of swimming and calisthenics.

"I went to the State University College at Geneseo. It's about 30 miles south of Rochester and is part of New York University. I loved going there. I joined Phi Sigma Epsilon and, two days before Hell Week, I got a light case of mononucleosis and my nose bled. I was excused from the ordeal. Instead, I went to the country with my math professor. He was a gorgeous guy, about 33, with salt-and-pepper hair and he owned a smashing ultra-modern farmhouse. I had to be back at 6.30 the next morning to work in the cafeteria and I was as green as grass. He got me a little high and we went upstairs together. He pointed to the guest room and said: 'You can sleep in there or in here with me.' I mumbled some dumb thing like: 'Oh, I don't want to mess up another bed.'

"We were lying there in the dark and my heart was just pounding away. I could hardly control my breathing. He rolled over on his stomach and flung his arm across my chest. He whispered: 'I hope you don't mind.' Suddenly we were kissing. I gasped: 'You know, you're the first guy I've ever been to bed with.' He said: 'You don't kiss like it.'

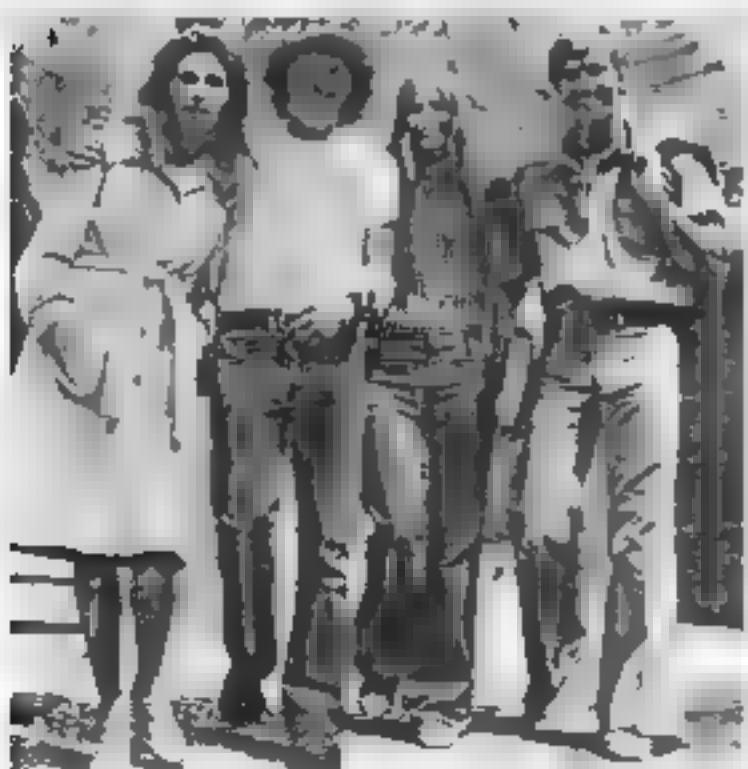
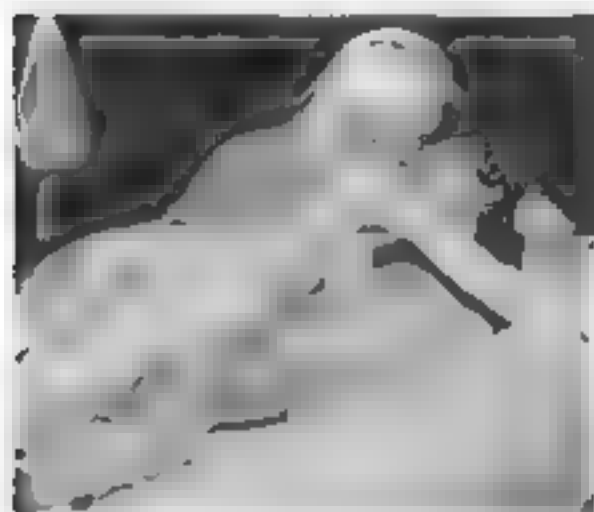
"I never saw him after that until a year later. We made it again and that was it. Wherever he is now, if he reads this, I sure wish he'd contact me. Three weeks later I went to New York and just cruised. I saw this guy leaning against a car and our eyes locked. I was wearing my penny-loafers, button-down shirt, skinny tie, Madras jacket and short hair. The whole bit. I was really square and ready for anything. This guy taught me



THE MOVIES CASEY TO CAL



Casey Donovan and friend share a quiet moment in "Casey" (Hand in Hand top of page). Bound and about to be attacked, Cal is less than pleased with his situation in "Ginger" (Derio Productions—2nd



row). Cheri Caffano, in the title role of "Ginger," manages to make Cal forget his discomfort momentarily (Derio Productions—3rd row, left). Casey and Danny DiCiccio stroll along the boardwalk at Fire Island's Cherry Grove enjoying the sights in the film which brought Calvin national attention, "The Boys in the Sand" (Poolemar Productions—3rd row, right). Clair Wilbur, Carl Parker, Lynn Lowry and Cal take off on another adventure in Cal's latest film, Radley Metzger's "Score" (4th row, left). Calvin with co-stars Gerald Grant and Claire Wilbur at the premiere of "Score" at the Cine Cienega in Los Angeles (Audubon Films—4th row, right)

everything. When my virginity went, I thought: *Never again!* God, it hurt for days and it was literally months before it happened again.

"My college theatrical calendar was extremely crowded. I played Albert in *Bye, Bye Birdie* and Captain Jim in *Little Mary Sunshine*. I had a good part in Peter Shaffer's *The Private Ear*, played the uncle in Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward Angel* and David in *Claudia*. I danced in both *The Pajama Game* and *Finian's Rainbow*.

"I graduated with a BS in elementary education and taught sixth grade at the Woodside School in Peekskill, New York, for a year. Then I accepted a post at the Ethical Culture School in Manhattan at 63rd and Central Park West.

"The best summer of my life was spent at the Barn Playhouse in New London, New Hampshire. I cleaned toilets, constructed and painted sets in exchange for free room and board. I had a part in Tennessee Williams' *The Night of the Iguana* and I was featured dancer in *Funny Girl*, *Annie Get Your Gun*, *Oliver*, and *The Student Prince*. I also met my lover, Donald, there. He returned to New York with me and moved right in. Stephen Schwartz was musical director at the Barn Playhouse and he went on to do *Godspell* and *Pippin*. I had grown to love the theatre. I couldn't get enough of it so I went down to the Roundabout Theatre, located at 26th Street in a supermarket basement, and landed a job in *Pins and Needles*. I sang and danced (I have a tenor-baritone voice). The year was 1967 and the Roundabout is still going strong today. It has since become the most distinguished Off-Broadway Repertory Theatre in New York. Gene Feist runs it now. *Pins and Needles* had a lovely score and I can still remember the lilting Harold Rome lyrics to *One Big Union for Two* and *Sunday in the Park*. The reviews were marvelous but even the best musicals have to close eventually. When the inevitable occurred, I went right into an engagement at Saks Fifth Avenue in the gift boutique. In 1968 I sailed off with a credit card and \$70 to Hawaii. I worked as a busboy in Waikiki, loved it, and had my first threesome there. I literally lived on \$1.05 per day. I went to the Perry Bros. Smorgasbord and loaded up my plate with fried chicken. Then I wrapped it in napkins to last me all day and be my supper later.

er. People kept taking me in everywhere and I never spent more than the \$1.05 daily limit I had set for myself. I did this for 29 glorious days and came home to cast myself as a waiter at Serendipity's on East 60th Street. The tips were fabulous. Tammy Grimes often came in and once I told her how much I liked her Jacques Brel number on TV. She was most gracious and said: 'Thank you.'

"But Joey Heatherton is cheap as hell, a real cunt. A tacky, trashy broad. She always undertips.

"That September I went off on my super adventure. I sailed on the S.S. France for London, Paris, Brussels and Amsterdam all by myself. However, I'm a great postcard sender and I shared my experiences with most of my friends back home. I saw the opening of Nureyev's *Nutcracker Suite* in Covent Garden. In Brussels I saw *Man of La Mancha* with Jacques Brel and Joan Diener, sung completely in French. I did the Canal Tour in Amsterdam and all that sex went to waste because I didn't know my way around. However, last October, I made up for all that. I found the gayest hotel there and, right next to it, was the Sauna Thermos. I spent a whole day there. I ran out of money, sailed for home, found a rich lover and sailed right back to London. Then, on to Kenya. We stayed near Mombassa on the Indian Ocean and, for two weeks, we never got out of bed. A few months later I went to Spain. In Torremolinos I found the most marvelous Spaniard who turned out to be an American from Boston. In the fall of 1970 I understudied two roles in David Gaard's *And Puppy Dog Tails*. I started out by doing backers' auditions for the show for producers Michael Devereaux and Swen Swenson. This led to a small role and I also ushered and swept up. I even landed a day job as doorman at Cartier's. I would stand on my feet for eight hours all day long, smiling and opening the door for people like John D. Rockefeller, Dina Merrill and Peggy Moffat, who was the first topless model for Rudi Gernreich. She wore wild eye makeup of blue, green and black. After work, I would rush to the Bouerie Lane Theatre and the performance. This routine kept me in the theatre but it was positively killing my social life. One day I saw a large blue maxi-length coat come down the

THE STAGE CAL TO CALVIN



In a national tour which included the Kennedy Center in Washington and the Ethel Barrymore in New York, Calvin appeared as the American sailor with Ingrid Bergman in G.B. Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" (Pennell Roberts—top left). "Circle in the Water" found Cal captive once again. In this scene, Ted Wuerffel, a sympathetic fellow cadet, tries to help Cal escape (Van Williams—top right). Director Ellis Rabb coaches Cal on how to carry the cross in the Lincoln Center Repertory production of "Merchant of Venice" (Martha Swope—middle, left). In Shylock's phantasmagoric nightmare of Christianity in "Merchant of Venice," Calvin was Christ carrying his cross (Martha Swope—middle, right). The pen pal marine (Jim Cassidy) for whom bath attendant, Brian (Cal Culver), has been saving himself, finally arrives in "Tubstrip" (Hugh Harrison—left). Calvin is currently starring in Los Angeles in "Tubstrip" prior to returning with it to New York.



street and stop in front of the door. The lady wearing it was swamped in enormous sunglasses. She sidled up to me and, as soon as she opened her mouth, I immediately knew who she was. I couldn't mistake that world-famous nasal twang of Carol Channing's. Liz and Richard were in town and she had sent over her big ring to be polished. Well, I just had to go upstairs and look at it. And you can print that I wore Liz's diamond. I slipped it on my finger and I know now why she was devoted to Burton. My dears, it was as big as a peach pit.

"Well, this 24-hour work marathon was making me old before my time so I leafed through the trades looking for the opportunity and I came upon an ad for a film called *Ginger*. The part of Rodney was open. It was Cherri Cafaro's first film and I had no idea what kind of picture I was getting myself into. To audition for it, I decided to dress the part of an elegant movie star. I showed up for the reading in my double-breasted blue blazer, my Pierre Cardin grey slacks and my Gucci loafers. They said, 'Yes, you might do.'

"And I subsequently learned that I

played the heavy who is involved in a ring of sex, drugs and blackmail. Before I knew it, off came my double-breasted blue blazer, my Pierre Cardin grey slacks and my Gucci loafers and I found myself spreadeagled in the nude on a bed. Cherri stood over me and proceeded to castrate me with a piece of piano wire. The last thing you hear in the picture is my piercing scream. In a *Variety*, dated 1970, the reviewer wrote I was the only member of the cast worthy of honorable mention. Just prior to the conclusion of that little episode in my life, I did a two-day abortion called *Brave* for the Robert F. Kennedy Theatre for children. It never got on and can easily be forgotten, but it was my first union show and it earned me my Equity card. Tony Tanner directed and I guess you might call it a sort of Indian pantomime. But there was no money to produce it, no money to advertise it and no money to pay the actors. A blizzard socked-in New York and there was no audience. It took us literally weeks to get paid.

"*Circle in the Water* came next and it was a study in sadism at a military academy. As Lieutenant Gregg Chandler, I

was bent over a stool and soundly whipped with a belt. The show was a piece of shit but our director, Jerry Douglas, kept rewriting it and each day it got better and better until it was almost an interesting play. We kept previewing it, threatening to officially open, but after three months of previews, there was simply no audience left. Business kept falling off to the point where the producers decided to quit while they were ahead and not open it ever. The third to last performance I was manhandled so much I was



very badly bruised and I also cracked a rib. But when I learned Sylvia Miles and Shelley Winters were in the audience, I decided the show must go on and I ordered them to tape me up. That performance the audience really got their sadistic kicks because I was in agony from the time the curtain went up till the time it went down again. During the run of that show, we got constant telephone bomb messages threatening to blow up the theatre.

"The summer after *Circle* closed, I began modeling for the TMI Agency run by Dovima, a very famous high fashion model. I worked for designer Bill Blass. I was in *Ski* magazine, *Men's Wear* and *Esquire* at the going rate of \$60 per hour. In the spring of 1971 a girl approached me with an offer to do a gay film called *Casey*. She wanted 15 percent for putting me in it and I really needed the money. It was a very difficult film to do. It was directed by straight people for the sexploitation market and I had to play my own fairy godmother, Wanda Uptight, in drag. It was sort of a hoot, a combination Barbra Streisand and Yenta and the Mr Hyde in me talked me into it. The boy cast opposite me was married, straight as a stick, and had never sucked a cock in his life. He obviously needed the money as badly as I did but his heart wasn't in it and he hated it. The plot was centered around Casey, a guy who was looking for a permanent gay arrangement. However, once he finds a lover, he discovers he is actually very promiscuous and not ready to be tied down. He looks out a window and sees an attractive delivery boy. Then he realizes he isn't ready to give all that up just yet.

"*Casey* got my feet wet in this area so, when Wakefield Poole approached me for *Boys in the Sand*, I was ready and said yes. *Boys in the Sand* was really only a working title but everybody liked it so much we decided to use it. I was paid \$125 a day for four days for that little assignment that made a fortune for Wakefield, the distributors, the theatres and everyone connected with it. We shot on Fire Island and one day, while listening to a Donovan record on the radio, I decided to join the title of my first gay flick to this talented composer. My Frankenstein was hatched. Actually, we shot those three segments

in reverse. Tommy, the black telephone repairman, was shot first. I was freshest when I did that one and Tommy was a former trick of mine I had recommended to the producer. People have since told me: 'But he's so black!'

"I wouldn't have cared if he were green. I dug him and that was all that mattered. Tommy drives a cab now. He's not at all uptight and he laughs a lot about the picture. The middle sequence was a gas. Danny DiCiccio was my summer fantasy. I had been drooling over him all summer. Every time I'd see him I'd darn near career off the boardwalk into the bushes. He was that groovy. But he had a lover and I considered him a lost cause. When Wakefield landed him for the picture, I nearly went out of my mind. I just couldn't believe it. Now he works a lot for Colt. He's known as the Carpenter. The first segment was easy. Peter Fiske was Wakefield's lover and I enjoyed working with him. We shot on three successive Mondays, filming very early in the morning. We filmed with as little publicity as possible and then opened, without any fanfare, December 29, 1971, at the 55th St. Playhouse. The reaction was tremendous, beyond all of our wildest dreams. A real tidal wave of acclaim engulfed all of us connected with it. Even Judith Crist went to see it and wrote a review. Spies have reported back to me that Melina Mercouri was mad about my performance but I've never had the opportunity to meet her. The picture did capacity business everywhere it played and I got a \$500 bonus. I even showed it to the Wilhelmina Agency and one of the girls there said, 'Calvin, I didn't know you could swim so well.'

"After this, I decided to go legit and auditioned for Shaw's *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* starring Ingrid Bergman. The play was about this lady who meets a sea captain who doesn't want to get involved with a woman. However, Ingrid converts him. She could convert anybody. I was cast as the Blue Jacket's understudy and we were set to tour for seven weeks from Wilmington, Delaware, to the Kennedy Center in Washington to Toronto, Canada and back to New York and the Ethel Barrymore Theatre. I had about two weeks before I was due to leave and my gay film producers wanted me to do *The Back Row*





on a 10-day shooting schedule before I left. That boy in the cowboy hat was married and didn't know what side of the fence he was on. He was also difficult to work with. But the film had an original score I liked and I thought the music made the film work. I own three percent of *The Back Row* and, to date, I've never seen a dime of it. Anyway, it's the first fuck film I've ever made that I own a percentage of.

"Ingrid is the loveliest lady in the world. She's absolutely unpretentious. She was supposed to travel first class but she went everywhere with us on our terms. She sat in the coach section of the plane and rode on the bus and took the train just like we all did. She was part of our group. All in all, it was a marvelous experience for me, as I had never been on tour before.

"When I returned, Bill Como, the editor of *After Dark*, phoned and told me he had seen *Boys In the Sand*. He wanted to do a spread of me in his magazine. In May, 1972, Kern Duncan shot a Fire Island layout. We worked the whole day and he accepted my idea to put me on that swing. I had no idea the story was going to turn out as sensationally as it did and I received a deluge of generous fan mail from it. In December, I did an *After Dark* cover. Bette Midler and I are the only two people to grace two covers of *After Dark* as well as one for *Newsweek*. *Newsweek* ran a head shot of me with a girl entitled 'The New Sex Therapy.' Actually, I had two covers in one week of July, 1972. *After Dark's* was labeled 'Fire Island Fashions.'

"In the meantime, *Score* had opened at the Martinique Theatre in New York and was a success. Radley Metzger saw it and was impressed. He had just finished a movie in Zagreb, Yugoslavia, called *Little Mother* and he had a crack technical crew there. Other technical people who had worked on *Fiddler on the Roof* were also available. It occurred to him that *Score* might be transplanted to this location and serve as his next picture. He has never had a financially unsuccessful film. He proceeded to sign Claire Wilbur from the original cast because he wanted her to recreate her role in his picture. And Jerry Douglas was signed on for the project. Through Jerry's intervention, I was cast, although Mr. Metzger wasn't sure I was right for

it. He has since changed his mind.

Just before I signed my contract for *Score*, I flew to Rome to model Valentino's clothes. He's the finest fashion designer in the world and certainly created the best clothes I have ever worn. I reeked elegance in them. I loved Italy and had a ball. I flew back to New York, finalized my *Score* commitment, and flew on to Bakar. I lived in an enormous room overlooking the blue Adriatic in the Uvala Scott Hotel. My room with breakfast, lunch and dinner came to \$7. One Dinar is six cents American money. There is great poverty in that country but also great happiness.

"The high shots in the picture were made from mountainous roads with a zoom lens and our day began at 6 a.m.

"When *Score* was finished, I returned to New York to learn that Marvin, my best friend, had died suddenly of a heart attack. I really went bananas for a while.

"Last February I did *The Merchant of Venice* for Ellis Raab, understudying several minor roles at Lincoln Center, for seven weeks. Since then, Jerry Douglas has offered me the part of Brian in *Tubstrip* that will open June 12 at the Hollywood Center Theatre. I'm really looking forward to it. This marks the fourth project I have done in association with Jerry Douglas—*Circle in the Water*, *The Back Row*, *Score* and *Tubstrip*.

"What are your plans for the future?"

"I've simply got to learn knitting or needlepoint. I've got to do something to while away those long waits between takes on film locations. And there are three properties I would like to narrow down for myself—*Your Turn to Curtsy*, *My Turn to Bow* by William Goldman. I'd love to play Chad Kimberley, a counselor at a boys' camp. I'm dying to play Billy Sive in one of the greatest gay novels ever written, *The Front Runner*, by Patricia Neil Warren. I cannot imagine how a girl could have written such a touching and true love story about a couple of gay men. I would also like a chance to play Gore Vidal's new sequel to *Myra*, *Myron Breckenridge*.

"I'm also working on an untitled novel with a gay theme."

"Any pets?"

"Two cats. Durstin from the advertising firm of Batten, Barton . . . and Osborne and Dovima, named after the



model who was my first agent."

"Any retrospective thoughts?"

"Acting is an up and down career. For every job there are 9,000 who want it. If you really want to act, you really have to persevere. I don't regret anything I've ever done in my life. The Casey Donovan films have become an interesting stepping stone. Through them, I have met many famous people I otherwise would never have had an opportunity to meet. I have no regrets. I would do it all over again. Five years

ago I would never have done it. I would have been too uptight. Since those days, I have become something of a milestone figure in gay pornography. I consider it part of my career development.

"I haven't killed off Casey Donovan quite yet. I don't know how much there is left of him in my future but, on still, moonlit nights, when the wolf howls plaintively, a distinct possibility persists that I might just descend my cellar stairs and start those test tubes bubbling again."



THEATRE on the move



A Little Night Music

by Ted Flagg
photos by Martha Swope

There are three myths that continue to float around the American theatre scene. One is that National Companies (more pejoratively known as "road companies") are somehow not as good as the original Broadway productions. Another is that actors who have made their careers in film can't really hold their own onstage. And the third is that Margaret Hamilton is a wicked old witch.

Harold Prince's spectacular National Company production of his Broadway hit musical, *A Little Night Music* (which in its original production won last year's Tony and Critics Circle Awards) has knocked all three of the myths into a cocked hat—as I discovered when I

zipped down to Washington, D.C., on the Metroliner to preview it for IN TOUCH readers at the opera house in the spectacular new John F. Kennedy Center for the performing arts.

First of all, Mr. Prince has again directed the production himself, to make sure nothing was stinted to make it as brilliant as the original production, and retained the original creative staff: choreographer Patricia Birch, set designer Boris Aronson, and costume designer Florence Klotz.

To head the cast, as the untidy but desirable actress, Desree Armfeldt, Prince has called in film actress Jean Simmons (whom film fans may remember as another Desree in the film of that name—not to mention her performances as Ophelia in the Olivier *Hamlet*, or as the Salvation Army lass Sarah Brown in the film version of the Frank Loesser-Abe Burrows musical, *Guys and Dolls*). And she brings to the role a charm, a warmth, grave sweetness, dignity, and rich sense of humor that are delicious. So let's have no more talk about film actors being at a loss onstage.

And as for Margaret Hamilton, well, for years she's played witches, crones, frozen spinsters, shrewish wives, nosy

neighbors, and a whole gallery of gargoyle and gorgon. Now at last her day in the sun has come: In *A Little Night Music* she has a chance to be beautiful—and she is! As the worldly-wise Madame Armfeldt, who has had nobles and kings at her feet—and in her bed—she wears gowns as magical as her voice, and shines like the star she is. (Miss Hamilton, I love you!)

George Lee Andrews (who played a supporting role in the New York production for nearly a year) has been elevated, here, to the central role of Fredrik Egerman, the man caught between a young wife and an old mistress. Ed Evanko (who received a Theatre World Award for his performance in Broad-





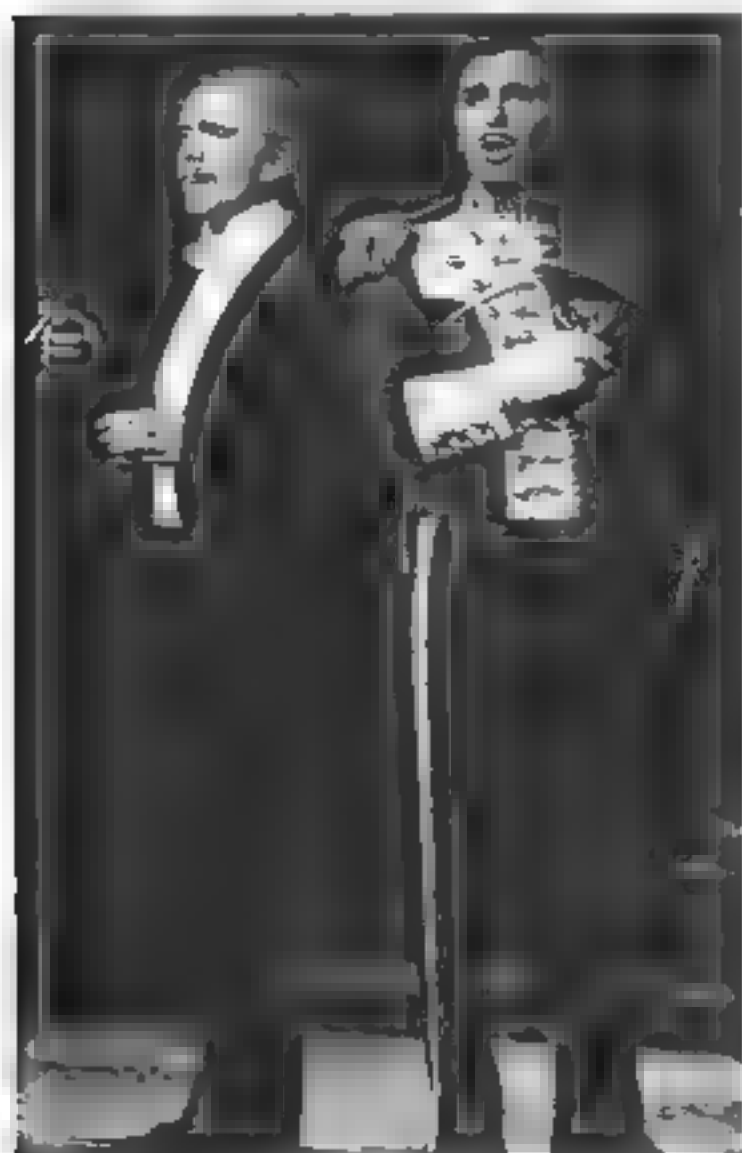
way's *Canterbury Tales*) plays the Jensen but washing soldier, Carl Magnus Malcolm, who is Eggerman's rival for Desiree's affections, and Virginia Pulos (first seen in New York in the off-Broadway production of *Lady Audley's Secret*) is Eggerman's virginal but curious wife. Andra Akers (a memorable Calamity Jane in the off-Broadway production of Al Carmines' *Wanted*) is Carl Magnus' long-suffering but Machiavellian wife, and Stephen Lehew (who gained most of his experience in regional theatre in Texas before making his New York de-

but in off-Broadway's *Roundelay*) is Eggerman's priggish cello-playing theologian of a son (who winds up eloping with his stepmother).

Stephen Sondheim's lyrics have long been recognized as being among the brightest and most literate Broadway has seen since Ira Gershwin and Cole Porter left the scene, and his melodies actually seem to improve with familiarity. The book, suggested by Ingmar Bergman's film, *Smiles of a Summer Night*, is by playwright Hugh Wheeler. (Do I need to remind anybody that Mr.

Sondheim also provided scores and lyrics for *Company*, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, and *Follies* not to mention the lyrics for *Gypsy* and *West Side Story*. Or that Mr. Wheeler was the author of *Big Fish*, *Little Fish*, *Look We've Come Through*, and the new libretto for this year's Harold Prince hit *Candide*.)

With National Companies like this on the move, audiences around the country need no longer feel deprived at not seeing the Original Broadway Cast.



In the opening number, "Night Waltz," the principal characters change partners, match and rematch. (Left to right: Andra Akers as Countess Malcolm, Stephen Lehew as Henrik, Virginia Pulos as his stepmother, Ann, George Lee Andrews as his father, Fredrik, Jean Simmons as Desiree; and Ed Evanko as Count Carl-Magnus Malcolm.) (Page 24, top.) Young Henrik, despite a puritan nature, finds himself dangerously attracted to his virginal young stepmother (page 24, bottom left). To escape his preoccupation with his stepmother, Henrik attempts a faltering dalliance with their maid, Petra (Mary Ann Chinn) (page 24, bottom right). Desiree finds her life becoming rapidly overcomplicated when both of her suitors arrive simultaneously with their wives (foreground, left to right: Ed Evanko, Andra Akers, Jean Simmons, George Lee Andrews, Virginia Pulos and Stephen Lehew) (this page, above). Fredrik and Carl Magnus decide "It Would Have Been Fun" if they had never become entangled with Desiree. However, the competition continues to escalate (left). Desiree finds that too many affairs and intrigues in one country-house can make for a disastrous dinner-party. But Madame Armfeldt (Margaret Hamilton), the wise and rueful old demimondaine, watches with amused detachment as the story plays itself out (right). The lovers are finally appropriately paired off and the summer night goes on smiling.



THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW

of Bankhead, Davis, Crawford and all the other grande dames of the cinema, who later on played havoc with all those early high-camp films.

How does all this come about? Easy. Just go catch Tim Curry in the Lou Adler production of *The Rocky Horror Show*. You just aren't ready for this one, he's part Boris Karloff and part Bette Davis.

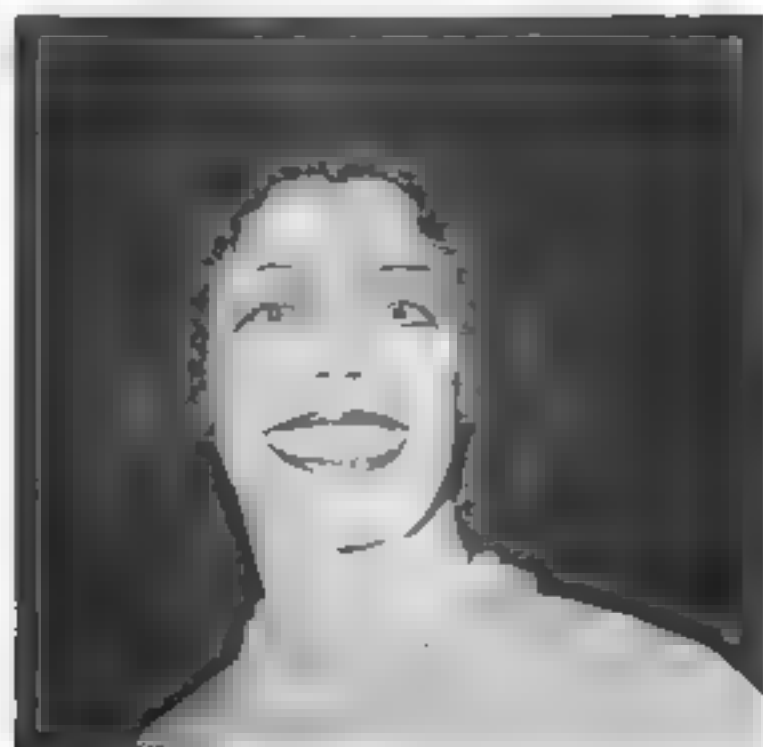
This far-out musical is the current rage of Los Angeles. It was originally performed in London, where it's still the rage and where, to the amazement of just about everyone, it whizzed off with the London Critics' Award as best musical of the year—no mean feat since it was competing against *Gypsy* with Angela Lansbury, among others.

To truly understand and share in Rocky's winning success you really have to experience this show. Toss out all

your preconceived notions of musical comedy. This is indeed a cross-over musical. It freely crosses-over all the conventional boundaries—musical, comedic and sexual.

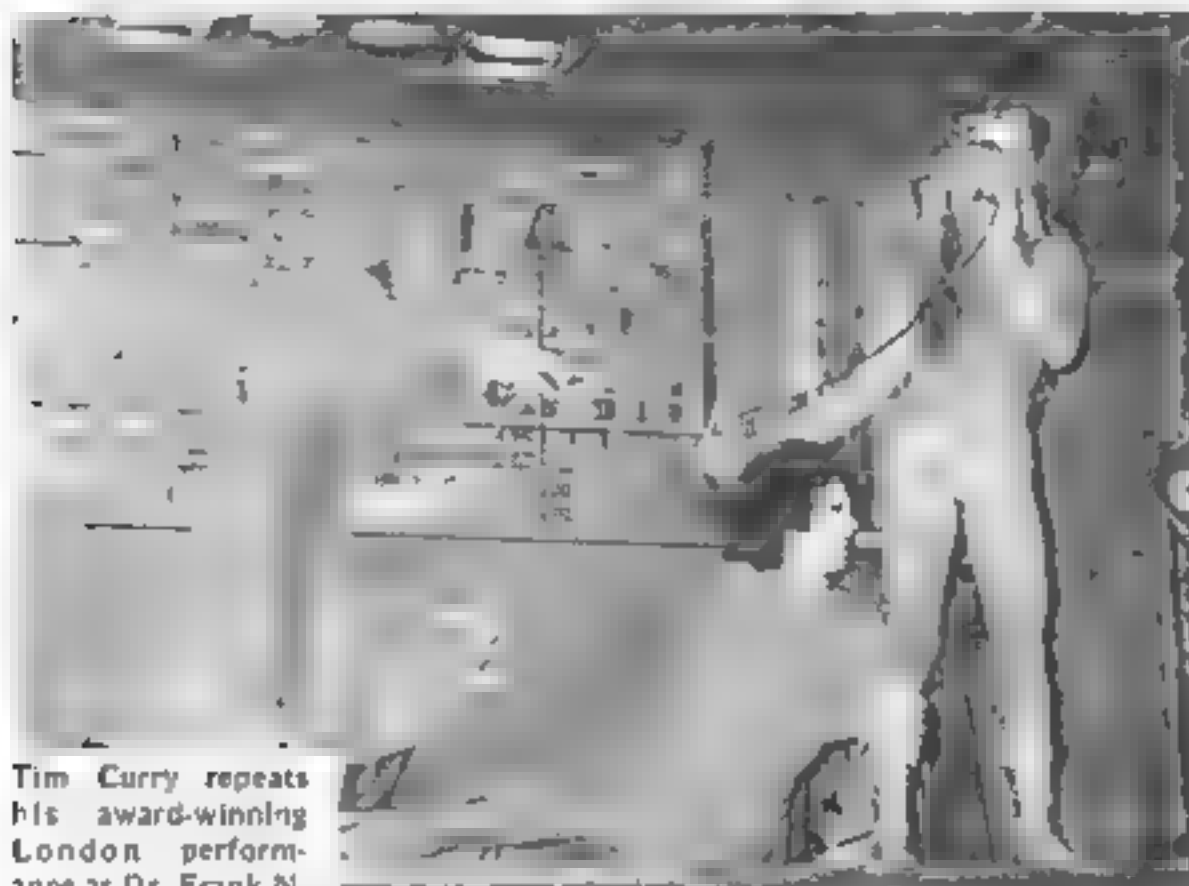
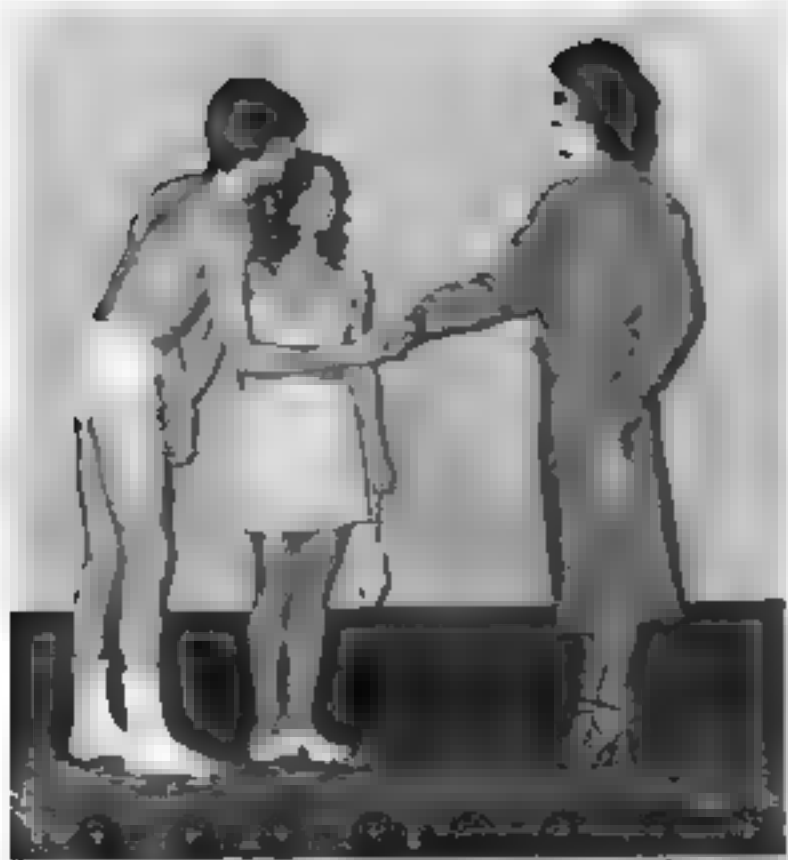
Roughly the plot deals with one Brad Majors and his fiancée, Janet Weiss, who are stranded in a rainstorm . . . what else? . . . and seek shelter in an old, forbidding castle . . . where else . . . owned by . . . who else . . . a mad scientist. You know—standard RKO, 1940. However, here there's just a touch of difference. It's after the kids' arrival at the old castle that things get a bit touchy, plot-wise. The mad scientist, a Dr. Frank N. Furter, meets—and eventually meets both his young guests. Very straight out, and very quickly, he declares his bent. He's a "sweet transvestite from Transexula, Transylvania." You sort of have this idea already since his costume consists of a girdle, black panties, gartered wedgies, a garterbelt and net hose. Oh, to be sure, he's built himself a creature . . . to his own liking. Frankie's monster is a muscle-boy, long, flowing, golden hair, surfer type, and very current. Suffice it to say that a lot gets better, especially when helped along by his collection of really cross-over helpers—most is broadly hinted at right along with just about everything else.

The show is being premiered in this country in Los Angeles. It's at the ultra-hip, new rock club, the Roxy, and the entire thing neatly misfits right in on the Sunset Strip. Lou Adler, the producer, is one of the major, bright lights of the recording industry and Brian Avnet, the company's general manager, has been connected with an impressive string of hip, hit shows and even produces the Bette Midler concerts. They have it all well in hand. There was never once a question in their minds that only L.A. should be the American birthplace of *The Rocky Horror Show*. For this we owe them gratitude. Rocky Horror's already been recorded on Adler's record label, Ode, and as soon as its open-end run here closes, the next stop is Broadway.



If you like me, were brought up on a diet of Saturday afternoon movies, as opposed to television rebores. All is not lost. One of the well-remembered highlights of my early years was being scared to within an inch of my life by Lugosi, Karloff, Chaney, Jr. and company. Not only are they back with us in all their glory with a huge helping of "It came from outer space" thrown in for good measure, but are hop-skip-jumped right on up into the Sixties, seasoned with liberal dashes





Tim Curry repeats his award-winning London performance as Dr. Frank N. Furter (page 26, top). Kim Milford, as Rocky, and Curry await an entrance cue (page 26, bottom). Brad (B. Miller) and Janet (Abl-gale Hannes) are welcomed to the mysterious castle, home of Dr. Furter (Tim Curry)—after having been stripped by his servants (top, left). Servant Riff Raff (Bruce Scott) and Dr. Furter prepare to unveil the doctor's latest creation, Rocky (Kim Milford, top right). Dr. Furter finds his new creation very much to his liking (middle, left). He continues to delight in his creature as he presents his other servants, Magenta (Jamie Donnelly) and Columbra (Bonni Enten) to Rocky (middle, right). Rocky expresses his joy and confusion at being created to the narrator (Graham Jarvis) (above). Dr. Furter and Rocky express their separate and mutual excitements in dance (right).



3

BIMBO'S COSMIC CIRCUS

by Hugh Roberts
with photos by the author

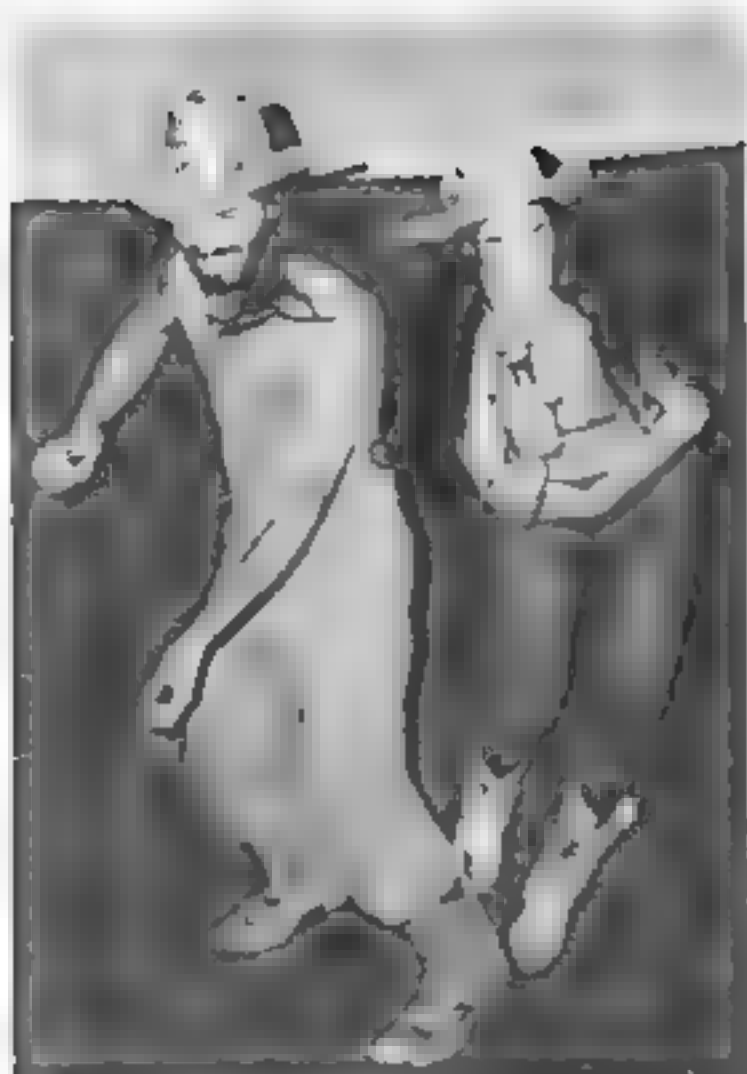


Bimbo (Kenny Ortega) is very unhappy just being a circus clown (above). On his journey to somewhere, Bimbo (far left) meets a hot tamale (Debbie Ortega—second from right) (right). Bimbo becomes a rock star and concertizes at Rock Heaven (far right). The promoter (John Flynn—right) coaches Bimbo on his personal appearance as the juggler juggles the de rigueur dido and balls (below). Up and Coming (James Sbano and Debbie Ortega) arrive on the scene to replace Bimbo as superstar (page 29, top left). Bimbo at the peak of his stardom (page 29, top right). Displaced as a superstar, Bimbo is deserted and alone (page 29, bottom left). In the end, Bimbo returns to and is welcomed by the circus on which he had turned his back (page 29, bottom right)

What was almost a dream in Los Angeles at the Starwood, where it all began, *Bimbo's Magic Circus* has rematerialized as brilliant reality at the Off-Broadway Theatre in San Diego in the inspired hands of Don Wartman and Tom Hartzog. *Bimbo's Cosmic Circus'* roots are deeply in rock music and its story deals with rock and roll directly. It concerns the swift rise of a rock star with a gimmick: he's a circus clown. Bimbo the Clown finds a chilling reality in the crazy world of rock. His star quickly becomes a comet and his demise is just as swift as his ascent. The broader statement of the show is simply about life and everyone's ability or inability to accept it as it is. In this cosmic experience life is after all just a circus... a sardonic one.

It's all been written, put together, supervised and even acted by John Flynn and Kenny Ortega, who plays Bimbo. They are supported by just a few really brilliant players in a wide variety of roles. From the original Los Angeles company they've retained two show-stoppers, James Sbano and Debbie Ortega, and have added Tedda Bracci, from the disbanded rock group, the Freudian Slips. She's a true powerhouse performer doing Mama Zucchini, Bimbo's mother, to a well-done turn. She has star written all over her and her recent signing to play the title role in the





Janis Joplin story will cap things off nicely. Another powerful new plus is the addition of director Bake Anderson, long associated with *Hair*. His help, along with the new production by Hartzog and Wartman have ignited sure-fire theatre.

More than just fitting in with the Southern California lifestyle, this show actually is bits and pieces of life here. There are lots of fast, funny gags about the entertainment industry, and the record industry particularly, with all its

various types—producers, promoters, performers and would-bes. There are funny bits about our mores and the oddball collection of characters here that make living so exhilarating. The thing that makes it all work, makes it all survive is the bitter whiplash at the end of each funny. The humor has a deep dark texture. The fun is inherent but the tears are basic.

Bimbo's future, too, is firmly assured. After San Diego, our two gentlemen will be reopening the famous Chi-

cago rock club, the Kenetic Playground. It's a perfect showcase for this amazing new production. Hartzog and Wartman realize this. They hope to set Chicago on its ear and Bimbo, reopening the two-year dark club, should do just that. Chicago will be followed by a New York opening, which is all set and only awaits the proper theatre. Talks are now under way with several major record labels to record the show, which is one of the single most important facts in the life of a musical like this one.





TUBSTRIP



Al Kronengold's *Tubstrip* is a nine-character, all-male gay comedy, set at the baths, with a plot one critic described as "the old story again: boy finds boy, boy loses boy, boy finds new boy." It first saw the light of day at

the Mercer Arts Center in New York City, where it had a long series of preview performances, but no official opening.

Tubstrip might have snowballed into a hit then and there if the house hadn't fallen in: the old hotel which housed the Mercer just collapsed one afternoon about 5 P.M., leaving homeless such ventures as the Gene Frankel Workshop, *El Grande de Coca Cola*, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, and *Tubstrip*. (Broadway director Gene Frankel and some of the cast of *El Grande de Coca Cola* barely escaped with their lives. But fortunately the building didn't choose to tumble down three hours later when the Mercer's theatres would have been packed with patrons.)

Several of the shows reopened elsewhere in the city, but *Tubstrip* took to the road instead to rack up successful runs in Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, Toronto and Chicago. And it's moving on to Los Angeles for a run at the Hollywood Center Theatre, before opening at the Bijou on Broadway in November.

Consequently, several cities have had their first taste of an all-out gay show (complete with male nudity). But even the straight critics seem to be taking it in their stride.

Respected *Washington Post* critic Richard L. Coe said: "New York's Continental Baths has come, in miniature to be sure, to Capitol Hill. . . . There is as much humor and pathos here as there was in the once sensational *The Boys in the Band*. . . ." Toronto columnist Sid Adelman reported: "With Rudolf Nureyev gone, the hottest ticket in town is *Tubstrip*." And critic Stuart D. Bykofsky of the *Philadelphia Daily News* ob-

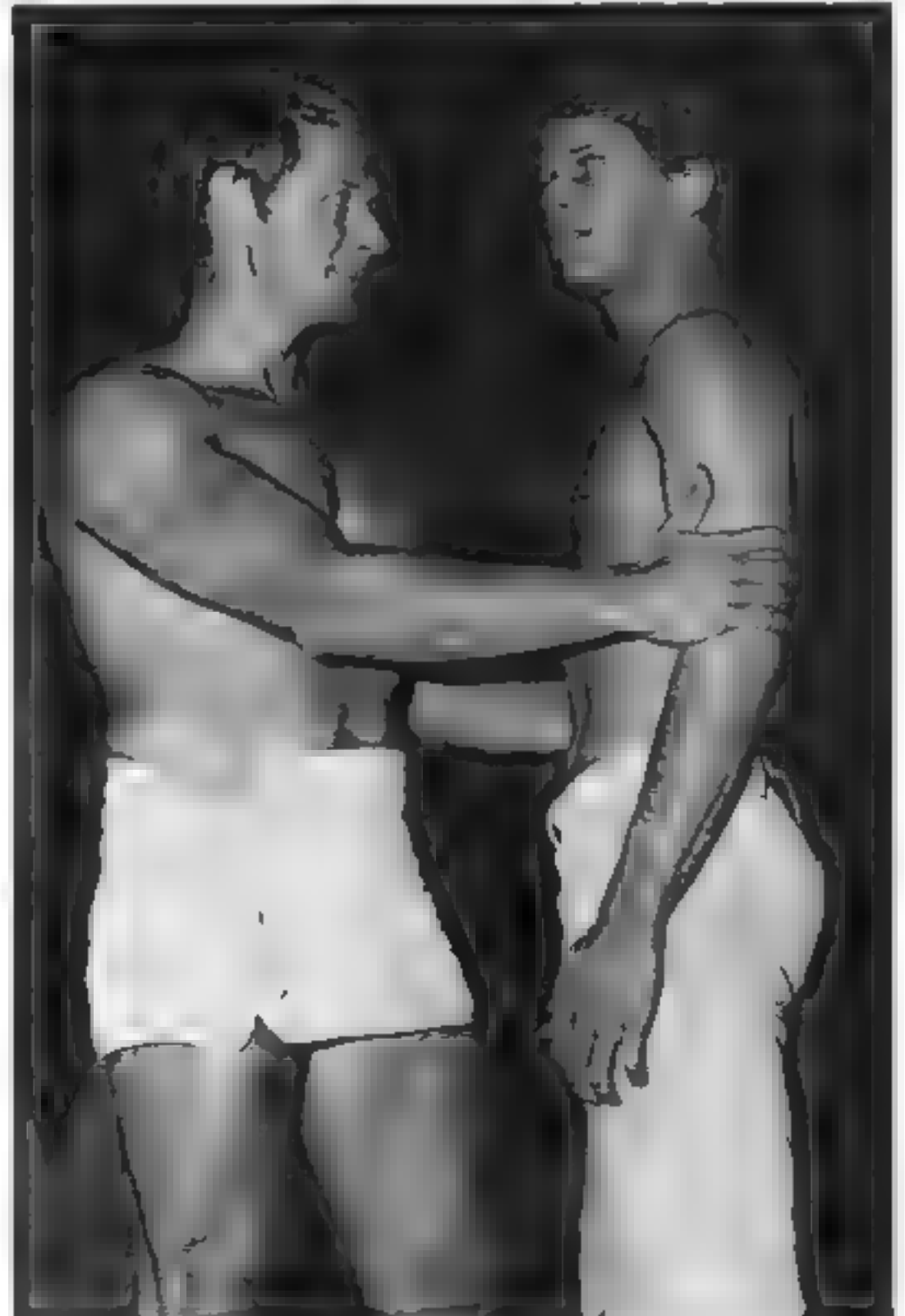




served. "Perhaps the real importance of Tubstrip is that it can be performed at a 1, out of the closet, in Philadelphia."

So with Tubstrip gay theatre is at last beginning to surface and take its place among the mainstream attractions.

Brian (Calvin Culver) is a bath attendant and the center of everyone's interest. Interested only in a pen pal he has never seen, he remains aloof (page 30, top left). Wally (Jake Everett) and Andy (Walt Holiday), resident queens in "one of New York City's most popular baths," camp it up as they exchange the news of the day (page 30, top right). Tony (Jerry Grant, right) and Kevin (Dennis Welch) are a master slave team who come to the baths to find a proper arena for their fun and games (page 30, bottom left). Tony practices his own brand of acupuncture on Kevin (page 30, bottom right). Rachie (Tom Van Stitzel) naively tries to give unwanted aid to Kevin (above, left). Dusty, a rather slow Texas stud (John Bruce Deaven), is alarmed to find himself caught up in Tony and Kevin's fun and games and tries to make a break for the door (above, right). Brian's moment of truth arrives when pen pal Bob (Jim Cassidy) finally turns up (Hugh Harrison—below, left). Bob tries but fails to live up to Brian's expectations (Hugh Harrison—below, right). But a happy ending is in store, nevertheless.





community leader Hector Novarro

Paying His Dues

by Douglas Dean
photos by Hy Chase

Hector Novarro came to San Francisco in the fall of 1959. "I arrived on October 31st," he tells his friends. "Halloween?"

"Yeah," he replies. "I flew in on my broom."

He laughs, of course, when he says it. For there is nothing in any sense "witchy" about this pleasant-looking, amiable man who has risen to a post of considerable prominence in the Bay Area gay community during the past few years.

Oh, to be sure, he loses his cool once in a while. He is, after all, of Latino heritage and temperament! But these rare moments only occur when he's harassed and under unusual stress.

For the most part, with friends and in public, Hector presents the perfect picture of a genial, hip, yet efficient young organization man—which, in fact, he is, having recently assumed the presidency of San Francisco's famed Society for Individual Rights.

I've known Hector on a social level and through his work for various causes over a period of quite some time. I thought he'd be a good man to introduce to IN TOUCH readers who've never met him (and to some people who have met him but don't know how he really thinks!). With that end in mind I visited him not long ago in his office at SIR headquarters.

Even on a Saturday morning, which is a time more relaxed for Hector than many others, our interview was constantly interrupted by phone calls, SIR officers and friends who "dropped in" to talk about their problems, and by the Society's secretary who appeared with letters and documents for the president to sign.

"How did you get into all this?" I asked. "What made you decide to run for the job of president?"

"Well, it just happened. Without any forethought or planning, actually. Frank Fitch resigned from the post as president last autumn. Then Don Scott, the vice president who succeeded Frank as president, had to quit because of illness. I was next in line to replace Don, and I served as president for a couple of months before the yearly elections. Then I was nominated to run for the new president in February. I was elected . . . and, well, here I am. . . ."

His voice trailed off. He shrugged, grinned, and leaned back in his chair. Although there was a trace of wonder in his attitude, he didn't appear as if he minded the duties and obligations which had been thrust upon him in the least.

"I'd been a supporter of the Society for a long time. My lover and I always attended auctions and a lot of different social events. We joined SIR officially in 1971. Then in '72 I was appointed coordinator of the Thanksgiving dinner. That was my first really big responsibility. And was I *frightened*! Scared to death. . . . But it all turned out well." He shivered a little, imagining some dire fate if events had developed differently.

"Now you're trapped."

"Yeah," he said with a laugh. "I certainly am. But I think all of us owe it to ourselves, as well as to our friends, to take an active part in the affairs of the community, at least for a while. If ever we're going to accomplish anything, we have to do it together . . . right?"

Hector's parents came from Puerto Rico. He was born in New York City in Greenwich Village. He attended PS 94 and 87 and also was a student at Straubenmuller Textile High School. A graduate of the University of South Carolina, he served in the Air Force for two years before he came to California.

I knew that Hector had a lover, a charming man whom I've met on many occasions, but I didn't know exactly how long they had been together.

"Eleven years," Hector confessed, smiling. "And I was with another guy for three years before that."

He and his current lover are buying a small house. They do a great deal of entertaining and I can testify, having been their guest, that as hosts they have few peers.

Hector loves to cook and specializes in various gourmet delights. He chuckled when I asked him about his talents in the kitchen. "My problem is, I often get involved with complicated recipes and experiments—and I wind up in confusion. But I do have fun."

There are a lot of people in the San Francisco gay community who will agree that the "confusion" Hector speaks of produces excellent results. His Christmas open house and his fre-

quent buffet spreads for his friends are famous in this area.

There is no role-playing in the household, however. "It just happens that I like to cook," Hector said. "I also like to make the wine we use. That's one of my hobbies, wine making. However, I don't have much time for that sort of thing at the moment—as busy as I am with all of my other activities."

The two men have shared the responsibility of furnishing their own home, and they also keep two dogs. "One is a cocker poodle, and the other, possibly, is a cross between a Beagle and a German Shepherd," Hector's dark eyes danced as he contemplated the dubious parentage of one of his pets.

"Any other hobbies?"

"Well, yes. I like to garden. We raise orchids. And my favorite occupation—that's raising and tending bonsai trees. We have about a hundred of them."

Hector's lover is a few years older than he is.

"How does he feel about your involvement with SIR and the gay community?" I asked.

"Oh, he encourages what I'm doing," Hector replied quickly. "We have no conflict about it. I think our activities have really strengthened our personal relationship. He's involved with community affairs, too, you know. We were both Imperial Guards in the court of last year's Empress, Maxine, and he helps me as we talk over a lot of the problems I'm facing. We attend most of the important community events together, of course, except when our work schedules prevent it."

They travel a great deal, have been to Mexico several times, have visited Spain and Portugal and attended carnival in Rio. "We've been to the Caribbean, all through South America and, oh yes, of course, naturally, we've been to Hawaii!"

Because of their employment situation, both Hector and his lover have spent many years "in the closet." Now they feel they're coming out of it. Tentatively, perhaps, but still emerging. They don't want to flaunt their sexual propensities, but they are less secretive, probably a bit less cautious than they used to be. "You can't hide forever. You can't conceal what you are from other people and still live an honest life."

One of the projects with which Hector has been most closely involved and of which he is extremely proud is an experiment called Operation Concern. "I was a member of the ad hoc committee which established it," he said. "Operation Concern is funded by donations, most of them from the local bar owners. Its function is to provide counseling for Gays by Gays. We haven't advertised it at all; we haven't needed to. We're swamped with people coming to us for help. Unfortunately, at present we can only afford to employ one counselor working 20 hours a week, although we could certainly use a full-time person, maybe two or three.

"In the beginning our intention for Operation Concern was too grand. We were thinking on too high a scale. Consequently we took a while to get really organized and start rolling. Now we've come down to earth and we're doing something positive. The way I look at it, if one person is helped through the project, then the whole experiment has been worth the effort."

July, 1974, will be Operation Concern month in San Francisco, and concentrated efforts will be made at that time, through various events and other means, to raise additional funds for the project.

Talk of finances made me think of all the rumors which have floated about the area concerning SIR itself these past few



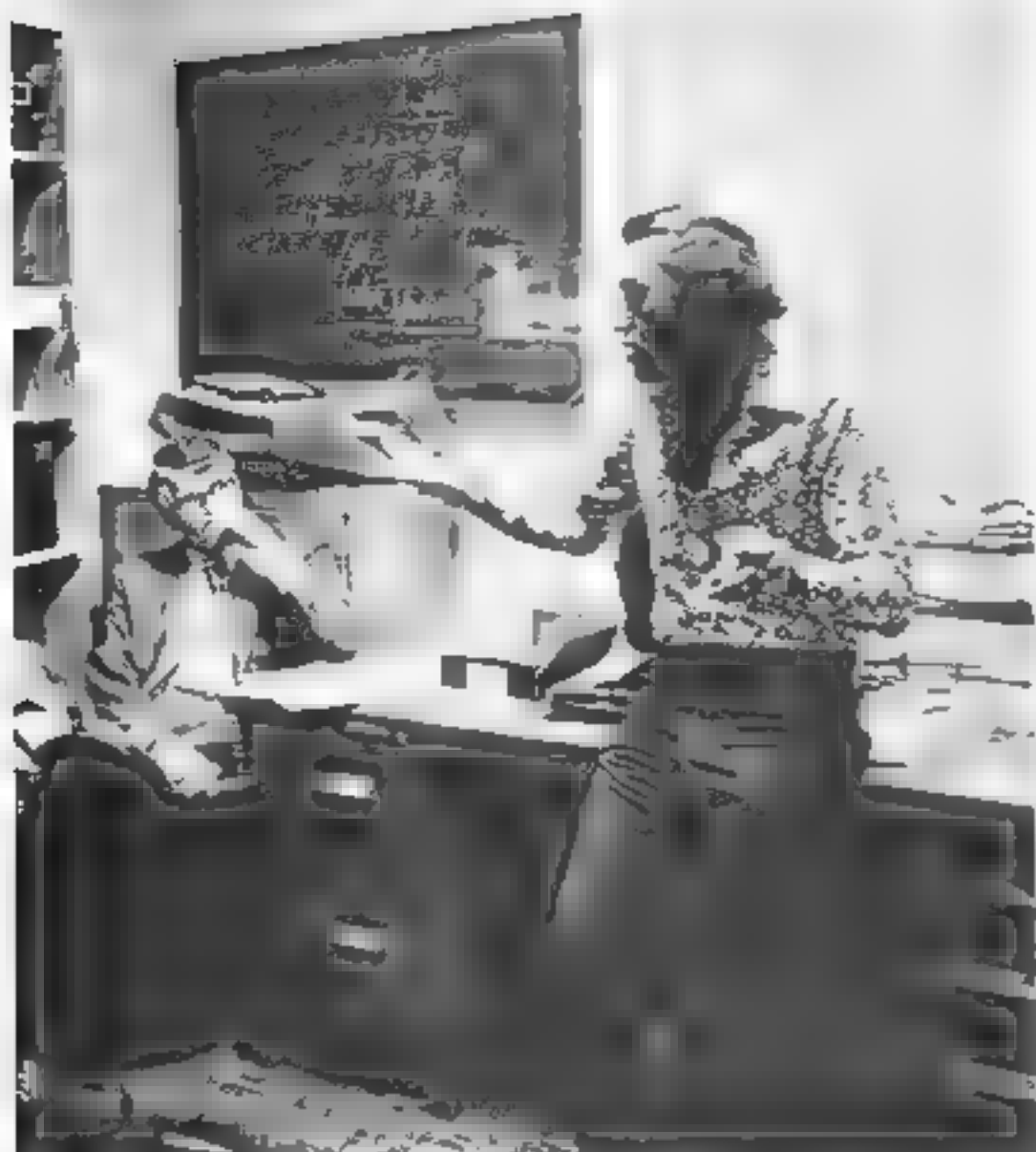
months.

"The basic problem with SIR has been financial. Yes, that's true. But we're now completely out of debt," Hector said firmly. "What Don Scott and I have tried to do is to establish the Society's stability. We can't continue to ask the community for help without a positive program—and we're unable to formulate that just yet. It's going to take time. The *next* president should really get things going.

"Don't forget," he continued, "SIR was a leader among gay organizations. Other groups have now formed to do the things which the Society started. Now we have to find new directions for ourselves.

I nodded, then hesitated a moment before popping my next question. "It's been said that the real dichotomy in the organization—the split in the membership, if you'll forgive me calling





it that exists because there's one group which wants SIR to be a political organization and another faction which simply wants it to be a social club. Where do you stand in that dispute?"

"I see no dispute," he said, shaking his head. "Sometimes people disagree on certain issues, but there's no real separation among the members, no difference of opinion as to what we basically are and what we primarily want. The Constitution says that SIR is to deal with legal and political problems, to get rid of laws which are unwise and unfair to homosexuals, and at the same time try to provide a pleasant social atmosphere for the members. . . . Maybe it's true that we've been too involved in *partisan* politics. Maybe we should swing away from that attitude a bit."

"Do you have any personal goals or ambitions for the future?"

He appeared thoughtful. "Well . . . I'm looking forward to the time when I can feel that I've paid my dues. . . . A friend recently asked me why I'm doing all the things I'm doing. For God's sake, with a nice home, a lover, a good job, where's the need? I told him I think in everyone's life there's a point when he has to give to other people, to his community. I'm happy and content with the pattern of my life right now. I feel I'm doing something useful, something which needs to be done. . . . I'm just looking forward to the time when I can honestly tell myself that I've done my share. That's all."





Now, taunting him a little, I said, "Come on, Hector. Give me something juicy, something controversial for IN TOUCH readers. Is there anything that upsets you, anything you're mad about?"

"Oh, sure " His response had been immediate. "Apathy. The majority of gay guys and girls are not involved in community affairs and don't really give a shit about what's going on. Yes, I guess you could say I'm disturbed about apathy. . . . Most people only get concerned when something affects them personally. When they're arrested, when they get sick or in trouble, then they come running to the rest of us for help . . . I just wish people would wake up. We'd accomplish so much more if everybody were involved and working before they got into trouble. Yes, I'm upset about apathy!"

As I left the SIR headquarters that Saturday morning and walked down the stairs to the organization's main door on Sixth Street, I couldn't help reminding myself that the elusive "majority" has been uninvolved in political, legal and social issues in all countries throughout history. It has remained for a determined few, like Hector Navarro, to pioneer and to work for the changes which benefit all the rest of us.

Hector Navarro may have flown into San Francisco on his broom, as he puts it, but now he's using that broom to sweep cobwebs out of the corners and to create an atmosphere which is going to make life a lot easier for many of us in the future. We should all be grateful to him for it.





fashion

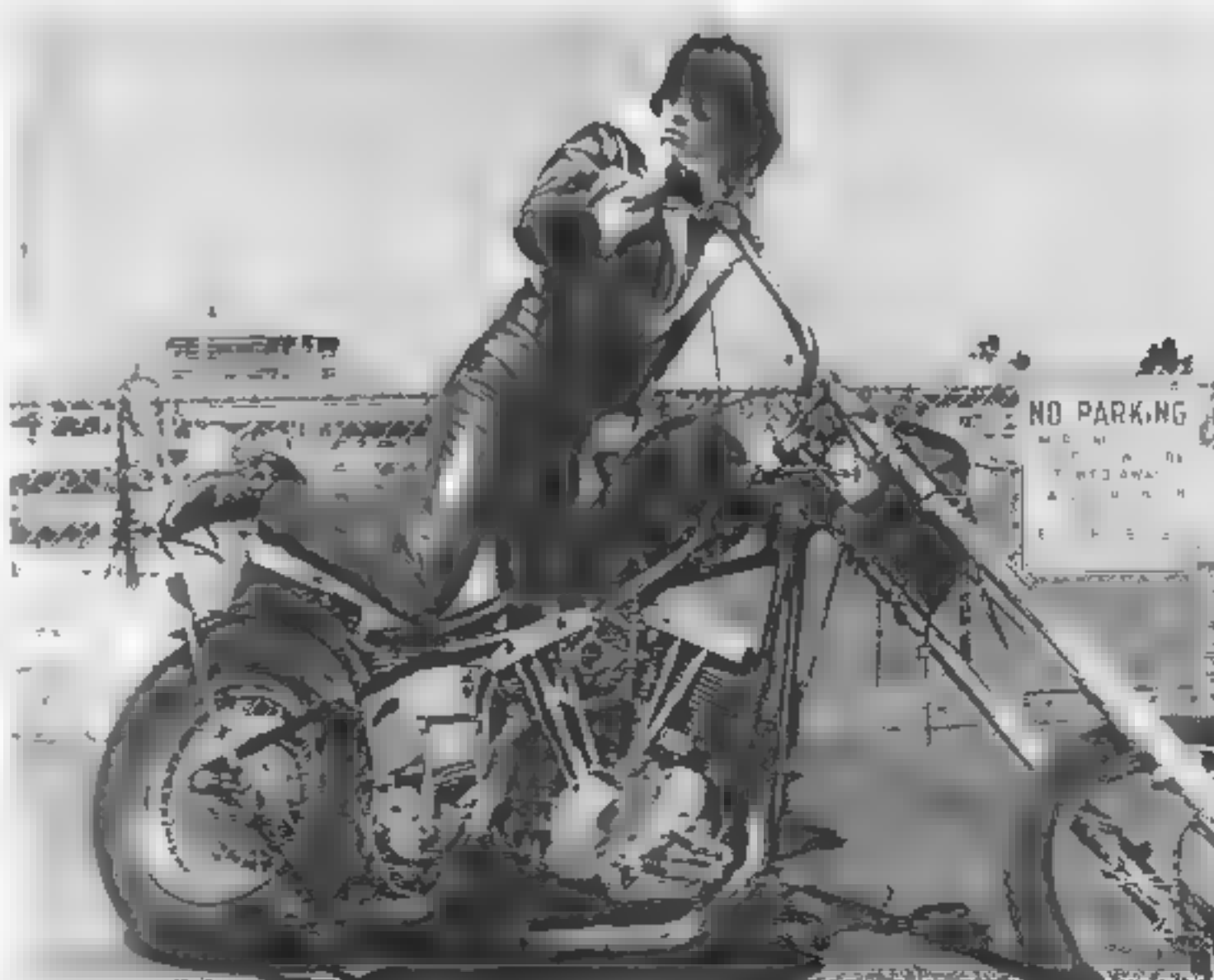
GO WEST BY MAIL

by Bill Arseneaux
photography by Dave Sands

Reacting to a national press comment that postal purchasing was much heavier due to all the crises, IN TOUCH called upon two male fashion order companies. One is quite well established—Parr of Arizona—and the other is a newcomer—Brawn of California. Both commented that their sales were indeed climbing steadily.

To those IN TOUCH readers who are stuck with a portion of "practicality," the thought of ordering by mail generates some real areas of concern. Do you really get your money's worth? What is the percentage of "disappointment," and what about a ripoff?

It should be said at this time that all items shown were acquired for the purpose of a photographic layout, and that no IN TOUCH endorsement for purchaser's satisfaction can be, understandably, inferred. However, the IN TOUCH fashion staff was, by and large, very favorably impressed with the actual visual





Page 36, top left

Jim looks out to sea in his Dirt-Rider outfit. Diamond stitching over foam padding at the shoulders, elbows, hips and knees, this polyester/cotton twill is pure practical "fun" gear. Jacket may be worn separately—in or out. (Parr)

Page 36, top right

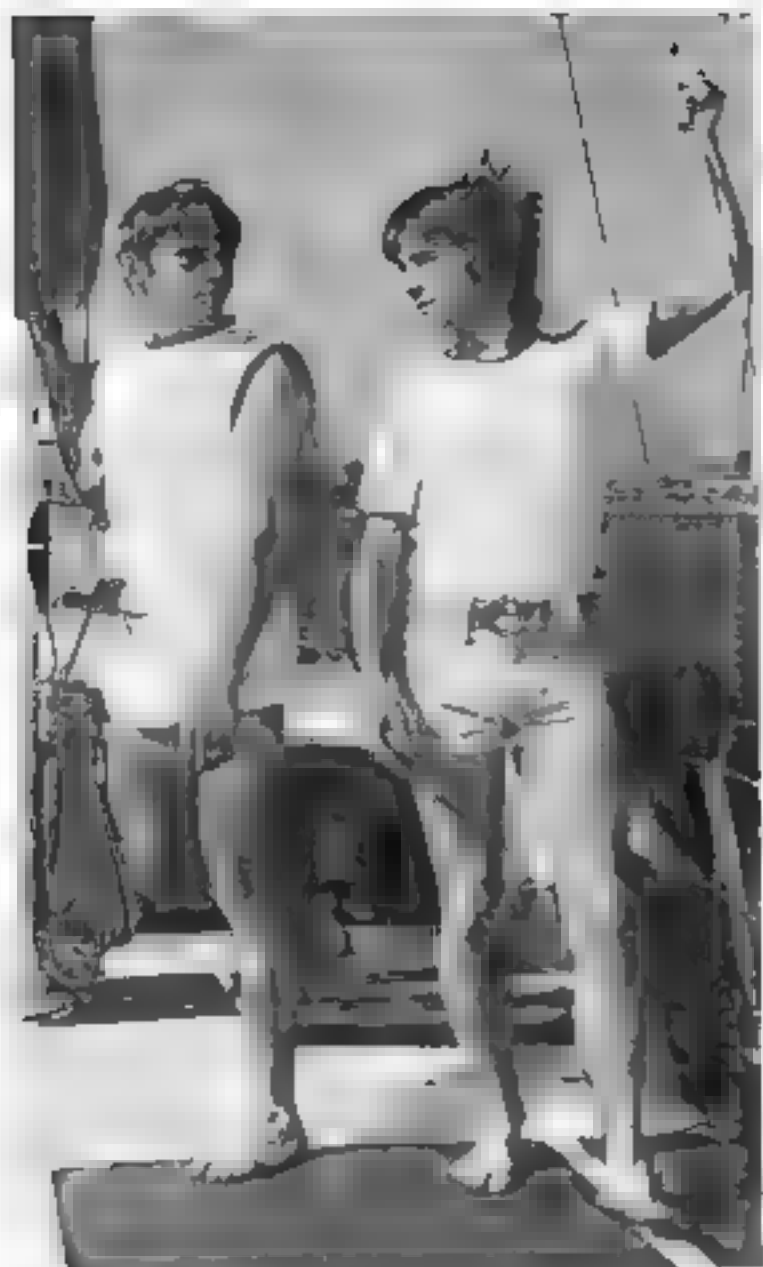
Don enjoys terra-firma in total sensual soft chamois. Laced neck opening tops chest expanding detailed yoke and long side seams. Chamois pants give—but no more than they have to. (Parr)

Page 36, bottom

Waiting for his shipping-out orders, Mickey is covered in saddle-tan leathers. His dacron fleeced-edged Open-Road jacket is aluminum fiber lined. Great for cold coastal cruising on his chopper. Those low-rise, riveted skin-jeans can arrive unlined for that second skin look (Parr)

This page

Mickey encourages his pursuers, which is half the fun of being chased, in a saddle tan leather skin shirt. Tapered glove leather with arms lined in nylon, this front loading shirt says "Get-me-if-you-can." Skin-jeans complete that "I.T." look in body leathers. (Parr)



Above

While fueling up, Jim sports cuffed 4"-zipper stretch shorts and a knit polyester/cotton muscle-shirt. Don wears same pullover with a crew-sleeve. His Norse shorts boast curved opening pockets that go up into wide belt loops. (Parr)

look as compared to the catalog, and the overall quality of the workmanship and fabrics.

This certainly gets us into the area of costs and it appears that dollar for dollar you still get what you pay for—no bargains.

The waiting for delivery is unavoidable. However, for those who live nowhere near a similar source, it is understandable. And depending on the item, waiting may well be part of the excitement involved. As to the customer's satisfaction, a company which repeats quality advertising in a variety of major magazines, indicates its guarantee of eventual satisfaction.

After all is said and done, there is a primary valid advantage to mail-order and that is the opportunity for you to have an item which simply cannot be acquired by direct purchase. East Coast shops West, and the mid-states have their choice of both. To appear among your peer group in clothing that your

local haberdashery will never carry is a "status" that has to be realized to be truly appreciated.

An amusing thought about the mail-order "underwear" business alone. If we could but only see under all those grey flanneled guys at any major board meeting or in that IBM elevator, there would simply have to be trouble if any two just happened to have on their "Venetian-floral/slingshot-bal sock#36B-w/maroon-velvet-trim." Right? But, oh, the fun they would have in making up

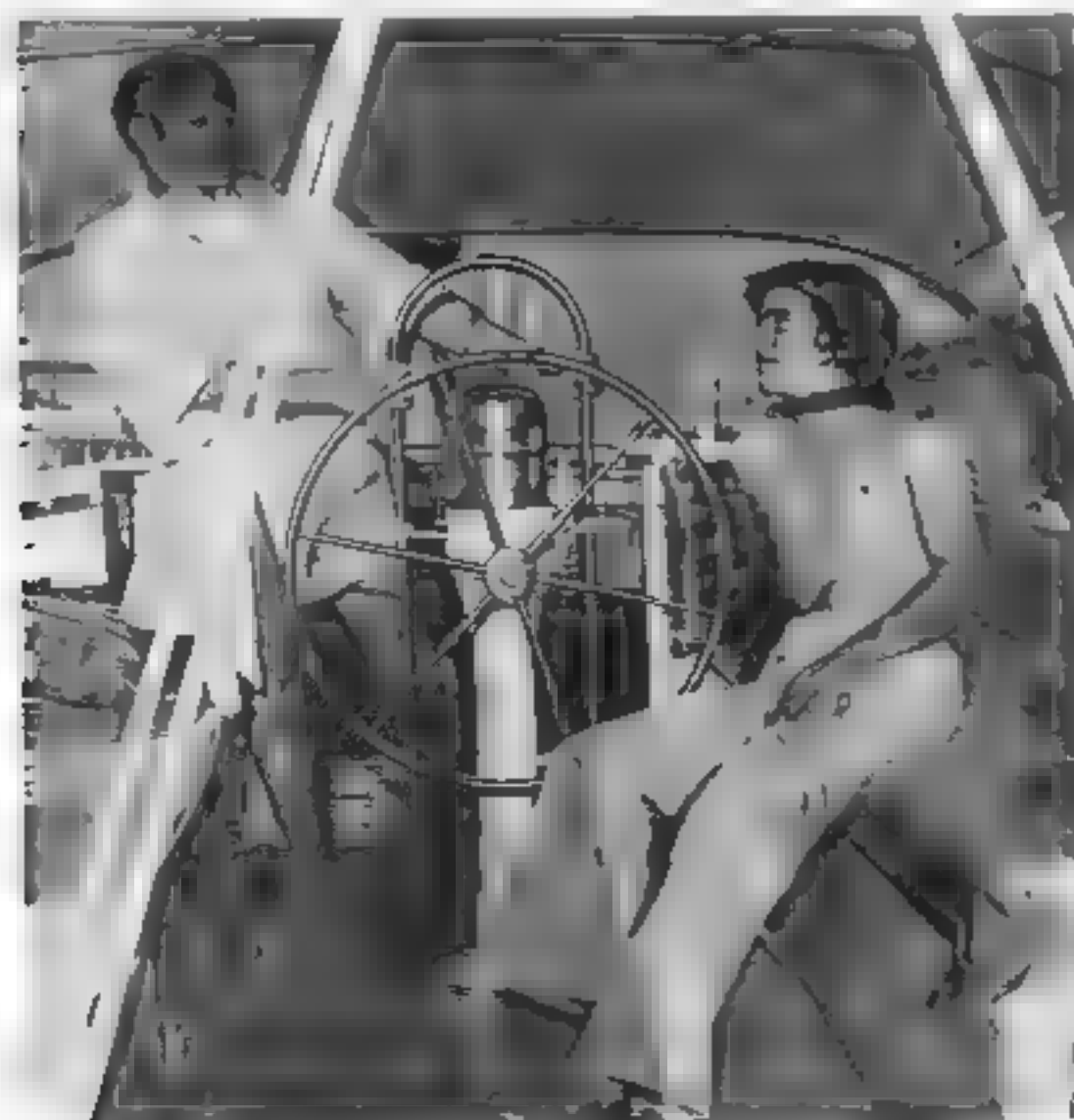
IN TOUCH is indebted to the well-known architect and land developer, Mr. Chase Ramsgate, for hosting the fash on staff aboard his yacht. Carrying an eight-foot power launch makes this 42-footer a ship. Its custom interior was designed by Chase to afford him complete living and business quarters. Sleeping six or entertaining twenty people is no problem when you add some extension phones, a master-bath-plus-one and

Below left

Evening shadows back at dockside has Jim in lounge of seersucker lined with terry cloth. Matching white terry pants are somewhere on board. Don prefers the chambre Tahiti drawstring loungers with flared bottoms. (All Brawn)

Below right

Jim enjoys riding bare-back as Mickey checks out posse in four-sided (double reversible) whiz-bang pullover by Tomorrow Has Come Enterprises. Those lo-rise no-fly lounge pants in str-etch polyester with contrasting web belt, are called The Layabout and were correctly named by Brawn of California





Above left
Don leans into the swells as Jim brings it about and they both could care less in Brawn's Nimbus VII. Purple and International Hot Pink satin make these radically chic loungers pure comfort. Well tailored with eight zippered pockets and boot tuckable cuffs—ready for sailing, jumping, riding or zipper-training, Mickey feels just as comfortable.

Above right
Ready for the water . . . Mickey in his pouched chamois-skin swimsuit with thong side lacings. Don swims the way he sleeps . . . no, not standing up . . . in the buff! A tribute to MGM, Jim wears a gold-lamé Mr. America—no front seam. (All Parr)

Right
Something for everybody! . . . Don wears Parr's now "classic" double-zip reversible swimsuit. Jim fills Brawn's new swimsuit concept "The Nude Dude" Here it is an Olympic-style nylon brief—but in the water, just unsnap the crotch-seam open and roll the tails under a hidden waist belt for . . . for the fun of it!! Mickey looks like the day's catch in Parr's fishnet body shirt of 100% cotton with contrast cuffs. It doesn't hook down the back, but has crotch snaps.



on-call maid service. When docked at the Marina del Rey, the ship's neighbors are Streisand and Sinatra.

Our models this month are all in-

landers. Mickey Mahanay is 22 years old, French-Irish, and is from Arkansas. This six-footer keeps up his muscle-tone as a warehouseman and will drive his Harley '74 "chopper" anywhere you





Above left

Look at all those waves! Mickey's tailored vest is expertly made of 20 fitted leather pieces. Nylon-lined, it buttons to a full tight taper. White stretch-denim jeans have the added charge of side seams studded with silver conchos.

Above right

Flying high in the bow rigging—Don wears a super "I.T." summer suit named Le Chambre—a nubby weave of polyester/cotton which adds to this French officer's Safari suit in sherbet shades. SNAPS abound—down the jacket front,



on the four patch pockets and on both sleeve pockets—plus one at the pants' waist. Functional detailing and expert tailoring, i.e., jacket back belted in smocked elastic. (Brawn)

Below

Looking out at a West of wet sea Jim wears a Western-style stretch body shirt of polyester/cotton. This snap-neck pullover has front to back patterned yoke and push-up sleeves... partnered by Western stretch pants of polyester with one great snap tab pocket in front, and flared legs. (Brawn)

want to go. Mick still horseback rides, but misses archery hunting with his 40-pound bow. (He has a pair of six-point buck horns to remind him.) Riding, working, sci-fi reading and smiling at new friends keeps Mick happy these days.

Don LeDouce is just recently from Michigan and also works as a warehouseman. This little blond-y is the quiet type—and into jazz guitar and meditation. Don keeps a rather busy schedule modeling and therefore really enjoyed this outdoor session.

The last of our trio is 21-year-old Jim Lovette. He is from inland Florida and a very recent visitor to Los Angeles. Jim has much determination to get his 5'8" frame ahead and spends most of his spare time on his already rock-hard body. He plans for a future in veterinary medicine.

Our main contributor this month is Parr of Arizona—a mail-order house of the first order—since the summer of '74 finds this company 20 years old! IN TOUCH enjoyed the company and assistance of the founder, Mr. Ralph E. Parachek, during the fashion shooting.



Ralph, an AIA member, told me that his initial objective was to provide a choice in men's swimwear. He said, "The sole alternatives then on the market were a bloomer-type boxer gathered completely around the waist, and a rubberized 'lastex' bun-hugger. We felt the active man would prefer a fitted trunk in the manner of basketball shorts. And it turned out he did indeed appreciate the choice. We called it 'Chop Top' and it's still with us and going just as strong."

Mr. Parachek is a true product of America. An architect by vocation who had an idea for a venture. One discipline surely fed the other—and the success of the avocation gives Ralph the satisfaction of a full life. Into organic foods and clean(er) air, it was an achievement to get him near Los Angeles. But not too near—Ralph stayed by the beach in a one-story motel—he feels Los Angeles is long overdue for an earthquake. The morning after the shooting, he called me very early — from Phoenix — sounding very happy to be back in his sun-baked flatland and the home of all sunsets.

Write for his latest catalog: PARR of Arizona, 3903 North 16th Street, Phoenix, Arizona 85016.

* * * *

IN TOUCH's other contributor is a new subsidiary of Brawn Products, the originator in 1973 of the now famous Jock Sock. That comfortable and practical new underwear concept to an ancient problem took the mail-order business by storm. The Jock Sock now distributes nationwide through major reading clothing chains.

IN TOUCH is pleased to introduce the first extensive look at their new clothing line, Brawn of California. Brawn associate, Mr. Ron Hicks, has designed a wide range of original designs and combined masculine fabrics and ideas with "fun" color. The president of this dynamic firm, Mr. Gene Burkard, states, "We treat each order as though the customer had come into the shop personally. I want to give him original designs at a fair price and, above all, give him fast service." Brawn, fathered by the success of the Jock Sock, has recently moved to new larger headquarters with all the new subsidiaries in tow. For a spring/summer brochure, write: BRAUN OF CALIFORNIA, 5088 Lotus Street, San Diego, California 92107.



ABOVE
Docksides and sun-drenched, Parr dresses all Mickey nicely fills out a tricot nylon tapered pullover and those famous stretch-denim white flares. Don basks in a leather-on-knit shirt of arton/wool, tapered with easy buttoned V-neck and doubleknit jeans in polyester/twill with Western pockets in front and two tabbed patch ones in back. Jim makes points front and aft with a fishes body shirt that goes down and around—plus incredible looking and comfortable feeling saddle-back jeans. No hip-seam or back pocket (two in

front) make these stretchy doubleknit dacron twills very "I.T." (All belts from Parr of Arizona.)


BELOW
The guys realize that more than one horse (power) each has got to be excitement. Pioneer shirts ... full collared, four-buttoned fronts, dropped shoulders and full sleeves capture those one-horse days. Made from contemporary polyester/cotton fabric and there's a hidden side zipper for that long lean look. (Parr)



MY FAT FRIEND

by Neal Weaver


photography by Martha Swope



Overweight, homosexuality, fetishism, and French cuisine seem like an unlikely combination for subjects for a play that sets out to be a successful Broadway comedy. But in *My Fat Friend*, author Charles Laurence has pulled it off with verve. And it really is funny, warm, good-humored, and calculated to send one out of the theatre in a cheerful mood: all those things Broadway comedies are supposed to be, and so often aren't.



Briefly, the play deals with a bizarre but not unpleasant *menage a trois*: the overweight spinster proprietor of a London bookshop (Lynn Redgrave), who shares her flat with an aging civil servant who also happens to be a flamboyant, rampaging queen (George Rose), and a sexually unawakened Scots lout with a talent for writing bad novels and cooking spectacularly good dinners. Their relations are amiably acrimonious and essentially innocent: the queen lusts delicately but hopelessly after the not-very-canny Scot, who in turn pines over his well-upholstered landlady with an affection never quite certain whether it is amorous or brotherly. And as for the landlady—well, she eats.



It is only when a stranger enters the scene that things really start to roll. An attractive, if slightly balding Canadian geologist and oil prospector, en route to Iran, stops in at the bookshop for a Michelin guide, and is attracted to the landlady. They have a brief fling, and the following morning he departs on his mission, promising to return for Christmas.

What follows is a crash program to turn the pudgy landlady into a sylph in the three months before the Yuletide arrives. The plan, which demands the utmost efforts of the whole trio, involves everything from reducing pills to

sauna machines, from intrigues to calculated insults to strengthen the lady's flagging willpower. The plan ultimately succeeds, but with results that are as predictable as they are unexpected. And the denouement is refreshingly real, honest and open-ended for a play as fluffy as this one.

George Rose, as the aging homosexual, has the richest role in the show, and he makes the absolute most of it: the character is a cockeyed blend of fairy godmother, Camille, and Sheridan Whiteside. What he does with it is devastatingly funny, but it's far too stiletto sharp and solidly purposeful to be called camp. Whether delivering a scathing barrage of sarcasm on the subject of the ladies' avoirdupois, modeling his new fur hat, ogling the lady's new boyfriend, or simply being determinedly outrageous, he is unremittingly stylish and funny. He catches the concern and humanity beneath the bitchery, and ultimately attains a discreet nobility. When he decides the time has come for his fledgling Cinderella to try her wings, and leave the little haven of "non-threatening and sexually crippled men" and find a real life of her own, he gently pushes her out of the nest—despite the fact that it is his own life which will be most diminished in consequence. He achieves genuine pathos without ever playing for it: indeed because he never plays for it. So warm is he, and so ultimately lovable, that for a moment, toward the end of the play, one almost thinks, in defiance of all the laws of psychological probability, that he is going to wind up getting the girl. "After all," says she, with a wicked smile, "you've spent so much time and effort trying to change me, it's only fair that I should return the compliment." He demurs, of course, but he is still, in his way, wiser, stronger, and ultimately more male than any of the other men in



her life

Lynn Redgrave effectively manages the physical transformation from fat slob to stylishly stout to sleek sylph in convincing fashion, and she is warm, bright, and technically able. But the author has served her less generously, and despite lovely work on her part, she can't quite escape being straight-man for the two kooks.

John Lithgow brings a floppy-eared galumphing charm to the dense, earnest author-gourmet, but is able to modulate into a real strength and conviction when the play demands. His Scot's accent is almost as good as his comedy timing, and ultimately he is as endearing as a pooh bear.

James Ray Weeks has a rather impossible character to play (the geologist seems made up, while the others have the quick of life in them), and I rather suspect that it's not his fault that he hasn't been able to make it more credible than it is. He is also saddled with the play's one really weak scene—but it is fortunately mercifully brief.

Robert Moore (*Promises, Promises* and *Boys in the Band*) has directed with a sure and unobtrusive hand, and William R. Utman's green gingham set is cheerful, attractive and serviceable.

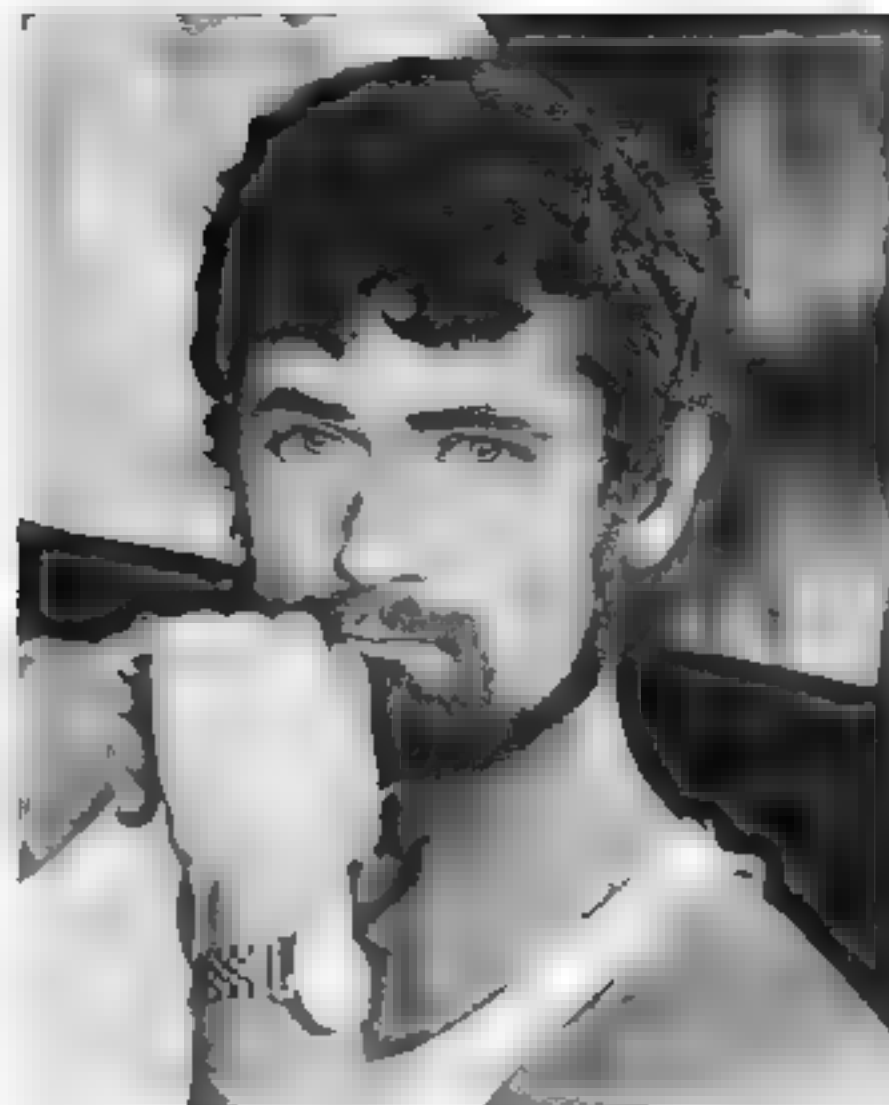
Broadway has a badly needed hit, I recommend it.

Henry, aging queen and civil servant (George Rose) and James (John Lithgow), a sexually unawakened Scottish would-be novelist, watch with horror as their overweight friend and landlady Vicky (Lynn Redgrave) piles spoonfuls of sugar on her breakfast cereal (page 42, top). Henry and James decide to jolt Vicky's willpower into life by proving to her that both of them can get into her beach pajamas simultaneously. The shock is only too successful (page 42, center, Tom, an unexpected customer in Vicky's bookshop (James Ray Weeks, strolls into her living quarters and catches her unaware. Despite her avoirdupois, he is attracted and asks her for a date. Skeptically, she accepts (page 42, bottom). Vicky attempts to camouflage her weight problem by putting on a voluminous mummy for her date with her unexpected gentleman caller. Henry is inspired to new flights of satirical malice (above, left). Henry alternates his efforts to slim down Vicky with hopeless but good-humored attempts at seducing the rather dense James, who is both confused and exasperated (above, right). Henry and James come home from a rather drunken Christmas Eve spree expecting to find the newly slender Vicky in the arms of Tom. But all their plans and hard work have produced a disastrous result (page 43).



JUST ME, WAYNE WILLIAMS

by Douglas Dean
photography by Dave Sands



Im happy. That's the most important thing. That's the point I'd really like for you to get across to your readers. I know what I am, I accept what I am, and I'm happy about it."

It was Wayne Williams speaking. Wayne Williams, ex-navy man, ex-geology student, former fashion model, former bartender at San Francisco's Alley Cat and for a time manager of the Bay Area's Wild Goose. Wayne Williams, a tall, darkly bearded and extremely handsome guy who has twice been chosen Mr. Congeniality by his fellow contestants in the Mr. San Francisco contest and who, I'm proud to say, has been a good friend of mine since he first arrived in this vicinity nearly two years ago.

Although Wayne and I have often had lengthy discussions on a wide variety of subjects, he came to my apartment one after-



noon not long ago to help fill in a few gaps on some information I wanted to pass on to the readers of IN TOUCH.

Physically, of course, the guy is a knockout, but it's Wayne's charm and open, friendly manner which have won him his many friends and which have enabled him to keep those friends. Wayne really loves people and sincerely wants people to love him in return. (They do!)

Since he is a rugged, masculine type, it occurred to me that many women might turn on to Wayne, and I wondered if he had ever been romantically involved with a female.

He nodded. "I considered marriage twice," he said. "And I'm still attracted to women—those who are highly sophisticated." He reflected a moment and then smiled. "Maybe it's because I always feel that girls like that, women who are sleek and poised and impeccably groomed, are somehow unattainable to me. I'm attracted, but I never believe that they could be interested in an ordinary guy like me."

Modesty is a part of Wayne's charm. It's no put-on with him, and he's not self-effacing. He's reserved, a bit shy at times, and he really believes he's an "ordinary" guy, despite a lot of evidence to the contrary.

I have seen Wayne in many different situations and I can attest to the fact that he is at home in all of them—whether lounging around the house in jeans or Levi's, in tails at one of the gay community's more formal social events, or without any clothes at all, as he was when we spent a day last spring at San Gregorio, the Bay Area's famed beach for nude bathing.

Wayne adjusts. There's no doubt that he could fit in and be comfortable in any milieu or any strata of 1974 society, no matter how tentative he might feel about it inwardly.

Wayne's father was with an oil refinery in South America, and Wayne once had a summer job working for such a plant in Puerto Rico, where he examined and repaired instruments measuring gas pressures. "But I was always more interested in the fields than in the plants," he said. "So I decided to major in geology at Louisiana State. I got straight A's in everything but

chemistry. I couldn't cope with the math—so I gave it all up.

"At college I wasn't active in gay life, but gay people were drawn to me and I was interested in them. I've always been inquisitive. I've never had a closed mind about anything. Never knocked anything. I wasn't getting too much understanding at home, so I started taking refuge in gay bars."

"And that's when you really came out?"

He grinned. "Not exactly. I was trade for a long time. Then I got a lesson from a guy I was seeing pretty regularly. He got pissed at me one night and really told me off. Said I was sexually selfish and that sooner or later I was going to have to learn a few things.

"He left me that night and didn't call me for days. I realized how much I missed him, how much I really cared for him. I panicked for fear I might lose him. I was willing to do anything—anything, man!—to get him back. I went to his house and," here Wayne chuckled a bit, "well, I wasn't so fucking selfish in the sack after that, I can tell you!"

This affair lasted for three years, then the families of both boys discovered the relationship and broke it up. Before this, however, Wayne had done a hitch in the navy, seeing active duty on a troop carrier, and after he and his first lover separated he went to New York, where he worked in display and as a fashion model with a top agency.

In the New York social swim Wayne met and was friendly with Rudolf Nureyev, King Peter of Yugoslavia, Leontyne Price, Joan Suther and, Merle Oberon and Lauren Bacall.

After a year in Miami, spent with another lover, he decided to go to Hawaii. San Francisco was planned as a stopoff on the way. But when he arrived in the city by the Bay, as have many others before him, he fell in love with it. He was offered a job at the Alley Cat and soon discovered that good bartenders can make better money than many qualified engineers.

"The atmosphere in San Francisco was very enticing. I became friends with many columnists and celebrities in the local gay community, and now I've got a family feeling about it all.

"Yes," he continued thoughtfully, "I'm gay and I've accepted myself for what I am. My family understands better now, too, incidentally—due to the publicity given Gay Lib and movements like that. But with me, my philosophy is, before I'm gay I'm a human being. When I walk on the street I don't think of myself as gay. I don't think of myself as straight. I'm a person, that's all. My private life is my own, it's nobody's business but mine. I'm free and uninhibited, but with no labels on me. Labels I can't stand, man!"

"Do you have a lover now?"

"No. Nobody special. Nobody permanent. I think I'd prefer to be with one person, rather than catting around. But I'm realistic enough to know that Man is a predatory animal and you can't own or dominate him. While we're young we're still experimenting, still exploring. That's why we cruise and why we're promiscuous. I guess I'm still in that stage. . . . But I'm approaching the time when I think I'll be able to appreciate someone for companionship as well as sex. Yes—I'd like a permanent relationship."

"What kind of career interests do you have—any particular ambition for the future?"

"Well, I'm more ambitious now than I used to be. I think I'd like to go to school again, maybe for a year or two, just to find out a few more things about myself, where my head is, what my

capabilities and potentials are. Managing the Wild Goose, that's been a good training course for me. Maybe someday I'd like to have my own place—just a dance floor for the younger crowd. No hard liquor, just a soda bar."

Since Wayne has had such experience working in bars, I wondered what his opinions would be on marijuana, LSD and other drugs.

"Grass? Okay. It's wonderful, so long as it doesn't rule your life. But heavy drugs? No, man. Not for me. I think a person is a fool to get hooked on the hard stuff. I've helped too many people out of bars who couldn't stand up, couldn't walk and were









taking down, hurting themselves. Nobody can tell me that LSD represents a good time! Mature people on drugs make me angry. They're a bore when you have to pick them up, the way I have."

Wayne is in favor of gay candidates for public office. "Things are more open now. We need representation. And we need to love each other, too, man—whatever a guy's scene, leather or drag or whatever, that's his thing and none of us should knock it. Gay guys should respect each other."

He's a Pisces. "I always live near the water. In Louisiana I was near the Mississippi, in New York near the East River, in Miami I was only 75 feet from the ocean. Now here I am near

the Bay and the Pacific. That's a pattern, wouldn't you say? Oh, yeah, I was in Chicago for a while, right beside Lake Michigan.

I dig water sports. Swimming, skin-diving, spear fishing. Yeah, I guess you could say I'm really happiest when I'm near the water."

Polite and courteous, but growing firmer and more decisive as he matures, Wayne Williams is, as he wants the world to know, a well-adjusted human being. Every person who meets him, too, is just a little enriched and a little happier having brushed shoulders with a man who has found himself and who wants everybody else to do likewise.

"I know what I am, and I accept what I am."





IN TOUCH with films

Zandy (Gene Hackman) and Hannah (Liv Ullmann) share a moment of warm humor in "Zandy's Bride" (Warner Bros.—above, left). Professional surveillance expert Gene Hackman (left) is distracted by mime Robert Shields as he is following a young couple for a millionaire client in "The Conversation" (Paramount—left). Masha (Joan Plowright) chastises Dr. Chebutikin (Laurence Olivier) for drinking too much and behaving childishly in Chekov's "Three Sisters" (American Film Theatre—above, center). Yves Benayton as Angele, the leader of the student rebellion in "The Name of the Father," ignores the classroom lecture as he plans activities (New Yorker Films—above, right).

Gene Hackman plays Zandy and Liv Ullman plays his wife, Hannah, in the Warner Brothers release of *Zandy's Bride*, produced by Harvey Matofsky and directed by Jan Troell. It is a story about a marriage, an impossible marriage made possible by the perseverance of character and the eventual dawning of love.

Hannah Lund, a respectable spinstress, places an ad for a husband out in the West. The time is 1870 and the place is Big Sur. Zandy Allan wants some. He sends for this woman. She arrives, they get married, and the fight begins. He is a brute with no idea what a woman is or how to treat her. His honeymoon night is a rape scene. Hannah Lund is a sensitive but strongly stubborn woman. She is disgusted by his barbaric ways and sets out not to change Zandy but to make her environment—of which he is a part—more bearable. Their lives are filled with plenty of work and the story contains an ample share of action but every scene is devoted to showing the conflict between these two archetypes. Sometimes the conflict appears to resolve and it is either the budding of love or the bursting of indignation. In the meantime they resign themselves patiently to a marriage. It seems that time alone can bring them together. Their conflicting lifestyles seem unreconcilable almost to the very end. It begins to dawn on Zandy

that the world does not revolve around him. He struggles to hold back his rude and often cruel manner. Slowly, it even becomes painful for him to see how cruel he is. The frontiersman within him slowly transforms into a clumsy oaf of a rancher and they begin to live happily thereafter.

A simple story, fanatically consistent to its theme, the greatest value in the film is the utter realism Jan Troell brings onto the screen. It is like seeing the Old West for the first time. It is a rare talent and a wonder but I was impressed with his *The Emigrants* for the same reason and would now like to see more magic come out of him.

* * * *

Anton Chekhov's *Three Sisters* was the last presentation in Los Angeles of the American Film Theater's first season. What a rich dessert it was. The rewards I have received from the season have been wonderfully topped off, not only by a great play but by a wonderful film production of it.

What strikes me most is the contemporary nature of the play as it is presented here. The original stage production of *The Three Sisters* was presented on January 31, 1901, at the Moscow Art Theater. Sixteen years before the revolution, its symbolism was prophetically insistent on the chaotic crumbling that was to come and yet it is perhaps the most beautiful play in the world.

The crumbling of society is all too familiar in modern plays and what I had been thinking to be profoundly unique appears more like recurrent melodrama as I look back now.

In the *Three Sisters* the number of speaking parts could seem overwhelming but their distribution is closely balanced. This demands that the film be an ensemble, a Company Film, which it is. Olivier, in addition to directing, plays the role of Dr. Chebrykin. His wife, Joan Plowright, plays Masha, the most interesting, the most sensitive, the most wonderfully enjoyable performance I can remember seeing. Alan Bates, who made his film debut in *The Entertainer* starring Laurence Olivier and Joan Plowright, is reunited with them as Vershinin. Louise Parnell makes her screen debut as the disgustingly delightful Irina. Ronald Pickup, who was much appreciated as Guildenstern in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, plays the Baron and he is great. All the cast is great.

* * * *

Marco Bellochio's *In the Name of the Father* is a monumental accomplishment. The film is too rich and full for one sitting. It must be seen, left alone for a year or so, and seen several times again. With the lushness of Italian director Federico Fellini and the bravura of Ingmar Bergman, Bellochio focuses on the ugliness of a Catholic school for

boys and shows the ugliness of the world. The tragedy of the microcosm is the tragedy of the macrocosm. The boys represent their class, the disenchanted aristocrats of the modern world. The servants represent their class, the humble lower classes always ready to bow. The priests and the nuns represent the authoritarian establishment that runs things for the good of all. No one is happy, no one is really content. All would welcome a new order, but no one group has any respect for the other. The film begins to come to a climax with the students and servants each on strike and the administration fighting amongst themselves. Before anything is resolved, the bulldozers of progress begin tearing the school down. There is no time for solutions. Blind progress interrupts the catharsis of the revolt and all submit to the changing game board.

In the Name of the Father is not merely an intellectual argument. It works on many other levels. It is strongly sensual in both visual and acoustical texture. Every scene is painted with light to reveal the painful grotesqueness of life within the scene. The reflections of sacred images float across the walls with the opening of an etched glass door and slams of mockery interrupt liturgy with the sounds of insolent children. The movie can be smeared and almost touched it is so thick. No sensual trick is left aside in showing the disgusting condition.

Most memorable is the play within the film presented by the senior students. It is presented as an attempt to steal the power of fear away from the priests. An expressionistic morality play that grows in a dark world somewhere between Faust and Frankenstein, it exceeds the powers imagined by the revolutionary aristocratic brats that created it. I have never seen anything on film so darkly powerful except maybe the mime in Godard's *La Chinola* showing the Enco tiger perched above the Vietnamese peasant girl. But it is not at all of that mime style. It is expressionistic and gloriously lurid as Visconti attempted with *The Damned*. I can't wait a year. I'm going to see it again this week.

* * * *

Lacking the unbearable tension of Fred Zinnemann's *Day of the Jackal* and avoiding the detailed exposition of Michelangelo Antonioni's *Blow Up*, Fran-

cis Ford Coppola's *The Conversation* is just as important a film that should be acceptable to audiences that want to be entertained as much as they want to be intellectually aroused. Antonioni's *Blow Up* has been one of the most popular of modern films not so much perhaps because it exemplified the moral crisis of our age (which it did) but because it reflected that crisis within the pop counterculture. With a similar passion for the slow unfolding of simple and painful truths, Coppola's *The Conversation* reveals that moral crisis within another subculture. Zinnemann's *Day of the Jackal*, though certainly not an enormously popular film, is well loved by many and considered easily as a masterpiece. *The Conversation* lacks the glamor of assassination and President DeGaulle that *Jackal* had and it is thereby an even more difficult film to be considered. It deals with a subculture almost alien to our everyday concepts of society. A small but growing group of pathetic little men who live a secretive life of technological amorality emerge from what was once a shady "world outside the law" onto the screen with the natural manner of routine business, a business whose existence depends on financial arrangements made at ordinary police/industrial conventions. Such characters could be made easily to appear powerful and dangerous. But, although their big scores are made with the police/industrial complex, their daily bread is made peddling trade secrets in corporation campaigns. It is a subculture peopled by what once would have been gumshoes but now only has room for technicians—surveillance security specialists. What is remarkable is that Coppola has held on to this reality and managed to breathe life into such a world. That life is mostly sad. He has made *The Conversation* not only the most relevant film of the year but also the most sad.

Once Watergate is behind us, the limelight will again be off the McCords and Barkers and Nixon Plumbers that have been recruited from the world of security surveillance specialists. Occasionally the public will think about these men with the distorted absurd glamor that feeds the purchaseable patriotism of their ilk. Films may be casting such characters into pseudo-intellectual adventure thrillers. *The Conversation* does not deal in such aberrated im-

ages and Francis Ford Coppola has no such romantic delusions. (Last summer Francois Truffaut was in America learning English by watching the Senate Watergate Committee hearings. He expressed the tempting desire to reenact the hearings using top-name stars.) Coppola is concerned with presenting the result of a logical evolution of a paranoid group of traitors to our democratic principles who live their thoughtless lives as part of an assembly line of espionage services. It is a film more like sociological study than political statement and so claims an integrity that is not often found nor easily wrought, an integrity that should continue to elevate the film gradually above the prerequisite of "popular appeal."

In his earlier films Coppola borrowed from bad as well as good films. As he matures he becomes less and less eclectic and his own style becomes more distinct. In *You're a Big Boy Now* he was fresh and experimental. By the time he reached *The Godfather*, he had gone definitely legit (almost stuffy). Since producing *American Graffiti* and writing the script for *The Great Gatsby*, his experiences have allowed him to loosen up some perhaps, for *The Conversation* is much more natural than I remember *The Godfather* to be.

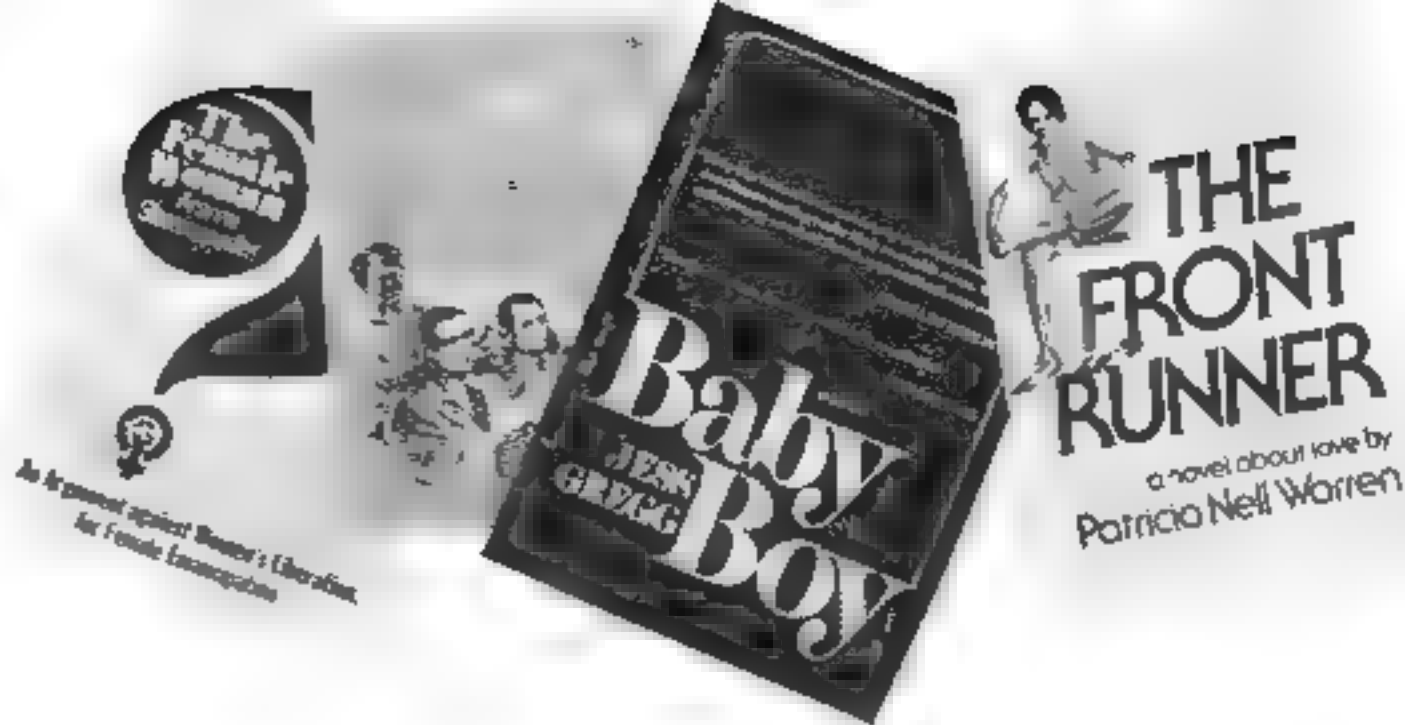
I'm not sure how sad the film would have been perceived if it were not for its haunting musical score. The music is the single most powerful element of the film. Without it Coppola's abundant mercifulness towards the grotesques that populate that secret world might have been lost. The sharp focus the actors threw on these characters was devastating. The music twists tenderly into each scene to remind us that these fleshy fat automatons are more than oddities, it allows us to indulge their melodramas as we would indulge the melodramas of simpler folk. And the music weeps for it is sad to know that there are no villains—only villainous roles.

The entire cast, borrowed mostly from *American Graffiti* and *The Godfather*, does a magnificent job. Gene Hackman was perhaps the perfect choice for the leading role in such a film. Even though he has become a leading star, he still has the feel of a character actor. This film is unique because it

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IN TOUCH

with books



Half-dazed, you sit at your typewriter, already past deadline, to try to tell the readers about a book which has momentarily left you so overwhelmed you can't think what to say. . .

A friend told me that Patricia Nell Warren's *The Front Runner* (Morrow, \$7.95, 346 pp.) was the most moving gay novel he'd read in years. With skepticism, I picked it up. That was yesterday afternoon, and shattered, sleepless and feeling wonderfully richer, I've just put the book down. Does that sound overworked? Some readers, but not many, may think *Runner* a bit overworked. Me? I'm choked up and amazed.

Amazed that a young woman could possibly write such a hard-boiled, accurate love story about male-identified gay men. Despite the previous spectacular accomplishments of Ms. Micheson, Yourcenar and Renault, it still seems jarring that a woman, book editor for *Reader's Digest*, could have gotten so deeply, so sharply, so movingly into the gay male psyche.

Equally amazing is the skill with which she turned the old tradition of gay novel tragic endings into a sustained-pitch upbeat ending which will keep most readers gasping and near to tears for the last 40 pages.

While this is a novel likely to be read by many non-Gays, particularly in the sports world, it is a novel (the best to date, I think) about gay pride, in those terms, pushing its characters unflinchingly through to self-acceptance, letting them find the strength to run the gamut of rampant homophobia.

Narrator Harlan Brown, ex-Marine track coach at a big university, had kept

his homosexual urge locked behind that top-kick's bluster until a student tried to seduce him, then spread the damaging rumor. Suddenly blackballed and divorced, he hits the skids psychologically, held together only by his iron constitution and driven by the goad of meeting an excessive alimony payment. He begins to face his homosexuality, indeed becomes a high-paid male whore, and is half recovered when he is offered a coaching job at a small new experimental college in upstate New York.

Prescott College is a perfect haven, and Harlan at last feels free to shed his *macho persona*, but does not know how. Then three Olympic-quality track stars, kicked out of the University of Oregon for their homosexuality, land on his doorstep, and Coach Brown sees his secure closet world about to collapse again. Some of it is a little dreamy. It is with a sense of fatalism that he lets them stay, assured only that when the exposure comes, Joe Prescott, the almost-too-good-to-be-true college president and founder, would stand behind them. Not that Harlan intends to touch any of the three, though he instantly recognizes his weakness for candid Billy Sive, but he knows that someone in the sports world will sooner or later start rumors. The boys are just too open.

Though basically a friendly guy, respected by his students as a fair if exceedingly stern disciplinarian, Harlan soon finds that he has to be almost brutal with Billy, to ward off the relationship they both desperately want, but which Harlan has vowed he will never have with a student. And Billy is the most promising, and most fragile, of the three.

Billy Sive is interestingly developed as a character, tuned like a whippet, fiercely competitive, but soft in spirit, he is second-generation gay. His parents split when he was nine months old, and his father's next and longest mate was a transvestite who made a conscientious mother. Modesty notwithstanding, Billy saw him once in the bathroom. "After that I took it for granted that everybody's mother had a cock. I was into junior high before it really sank into my head that I lived in a different world than the other kids. I grew up in the gay ghetto of San Francisco. It was all I knew."

To the suggestion that he had been brainwashed to be gay, Billy replied, "He was pretty careful about what he let me see when I was smaller. . . . My father didn't force it on me. I mean, I chose it freely."

But his early give-it-all-you've-got love affairs foundered on his partners' inability to fully accept their gayness, and he begins to come apart when Harlan, who had at first seemed receptive, turns on a cold front. One of the other boys points it out to the stern, conservative, religious coach—"He's in love with you." That was something Harlan wasn't able to recognize for himself, but once seeing it, he responds in rational fashion, permitting as open a relationship as he feels the situation will allow.

Ms. Warren, as a staff writer for *Runner's World* and a long-distance runner herself (she took a leading part in challenging the AAU's discriminatory track and-field policies) is able to give the sport a loving, insider's description. She grew up on a Montana ranch and still retains a fierce love for horses, won the

Atlantic Monthly College Fiction Award while she was a freshman, married a Ukrainian writer and has published three volumes of highly regarded Ukrainian poetry, as well as a 1971 novel, *The Last Centennial*, under the pseudonym, Patricia Kilina.

Harlan and Billy are no sooner together than they have to face a storm of disapproval which runs from the National College Athletic Association all the way up to the U.S. and International Olympics Committees. A little of this seems overdramatic, but believably done (except for the ease with which Billy's father, now a gay rights attorney, backs down the big guns). The story is set slightly in the future, the action taking place between December 1974 and February 1978. I'm not sure this device is much of an advantage to the story, but it's a small matter.

Their open love becomes a nationwide symbol for gay liberation groups, and not just their own hopes, but the hopes of Gays the world over, are carried on Billy's swift legs at the Montreal Olympics.

Perhaps the homophobes, taken collectively, are portrayed too simplistically. Certainly the sports world masks its underlying homoerotic nature in a great display of homophobic machismo, and both coaches and fans can be brutal toward deviants of any kind. The reader will easily learn a lot about the machinations that keep up that front, and about the glory and the danger of building the human body into a single-purpose machine for those peaking moments of superexertion.

Stronger by a four-minute mile than any other novel I've reviewed for IN TOUCH...

* * * *

For a brief, authoritative and easily readable treatment of various aspects of the homosexual question to give to relatives or friends, try Public Affairs Pamphlet #484, *Homosexuality in Our Society*, by Elizabeth Ogg, from the prestigious Public Affairs Committee, 381 Park Ave. South, New York 10016, at 35¢. (21¢ each for orders over 100, no postage if prepaid.)

This small, handsome, illustrated booklet of 28 pages touches sympathetically on the problems Gays face in contemporary society, with a rational and balanced discussion of causality, stereo-

types, advice for parents, the law and changing attitudes. If her advice to parents still assumes that a homosexual development is something to be sidetracked if possible, her greater emphasis is on acceptance and understanding.

One can carp at the space given to psychoanalytic causal theory, or with the too common assertion that lesbians are more tolerated in our society, or with the old fallacy that "there are no laws against *being* homosexual" (there have been many laws against being homosexual if you are a serviceman, a teacher, a civil servant, even a florist or hairdresser; many regulations which have made the condition grounds for denial of pensions, credit, citizenship or the right to patronize licensed premises), but altogether this is as sound and impressive as any small publication not produced by gay organizations.

* * * *

Jess Gregg's novel *Baby Boy* (Putnam, \$6.95, 256 pp.) is a world apart from *The Front Runner*. In place of literate collegians we have illiterate and semi-literate inmates of a Florida road gang, but the stories are equal in the manner in which both groups suppress homophile feelings. Evergreen doesn't even permit the sexual intimacy or prison rapes about which we've heard so much. Two dozen men sleep in an open and illuminated hall with guards looking down from each end all night. There is no chance for intimacy to reach even the initial touching stage, and the machismo of the whole scene keeps even sentiment from being admitted.

An affirmation of gayness is inconceivable in such brutal surroundings, where even the language for it hasn't been invented. The relationship of Baby Boy Clabbern and Boogie Clewes (next to the bottom in the workgang's pecking-order) is reminiscent of the magnificent restraint of Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*, though here there is more devotion to the rollicking humor of two ultimate bunglers.

There are little loose ends: how the name Baby Boy Clabbern (written on a death certificate when the infant was given up for already dead) survived when Baby left the orphanage early and was given a different name by the Negro woman he adopted; how very improbable words sometimes break into his speech, but these are small points, and

Baby Boy's story is expansive, moving, and wildly funny.

Only in that awful, ambiguous moment at the end does Baby Boy find a rationale for his attachment to Boogie—and it is not far off the truth.

* * * *

The Female Woman by Arianna Stassinopoulos (Random House, \$5.95, 175 pp.) is the ultimate attack on Women's Lib, and it is the well-equipped author's intention to take Gay Lib and Israel's Kibbutz program down at the same time.

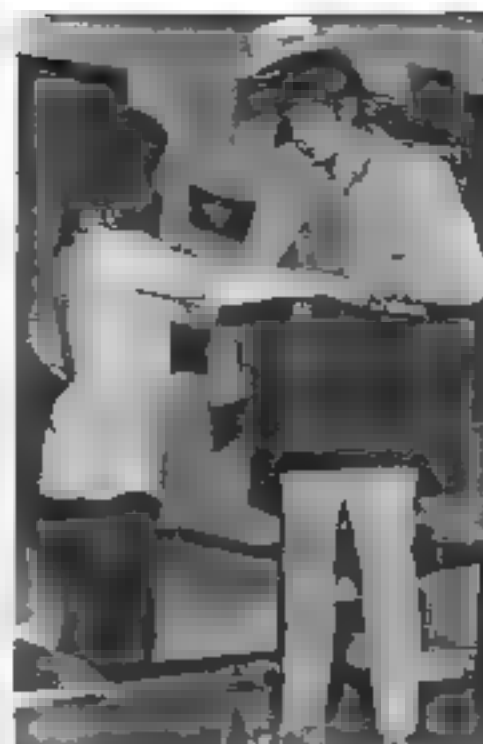
Miss Stassinopoulos believes devoutly in the virtues and necessity of marriage, although she has not apparently had one yet. And she brings excellent credentials to this work—educated in her native Greece, president in 1971 of the Cambridge Union, working now at London School of Economics. She also brings, it seems, a personal naivete as great as that she accuses Women's Liberationists of displaying.

I don't mean that it's a naive book—it isn't. She puts up a good argument, excellently documented, arguing that there is solid biochemical evidence that aggressiveness, mechanical and spatial skills, sense of direction and physical strength are peculiarly masculine skills and that women (and some feminized men) excel not only in the skills incumbent on maternity but in verbal skills, talent for personal relationships, nurturing, etc. Even when only a few days old, girl babies are responsive to the cry of another baby, and boys more to visual stimuli.

The packages of traits known as maleness and femaleness have been evolved, she insists, over millions of years, and will not be removed by even several generations of basically lesbian rhetoric. She makes a distinction between woman's emancipation and the liberationist doctrine which, she says, will only produce a frustration of natural impulses.

If some women's liberation proponents exaggerate wildly in describing male sadism and dominance of women, Miss Stassinopoulos seems almost blind to it, devoutly believing that all but a tiny fraction of marriages really are based on love... A book which male Gays ought to read, nonetheless, intelligently.

—LYN PEDERSEN



IN TOUCH with theatre



"Everything's Comin' Up Roses," insists Angela Lansbury as Rose in "Gypsy" (Shubert—far left). Ricardo Montalban invites Sally Ann Howes to dance in "The King and I" (Dorothy Chandler Pavilion—above, left center). Jessica Rains and Richard Lenz are the entire cast of "Every Other Baby" (Oxford—above, right center). Nick Nolte is the young vagabond, Hal, and C.J. Hincks is the small-town beauty, Madge, who falls in love with him in "Picnic" (Met—above). "The Mind With the Dirty Man" features Don Knotts, Peter Ratray, Nedra Deen and Pamela Britten (Huntington Hartford—left, center). Charles Pierce takes on the famous role of Margo Channing in "Applause" in San Francisco (California Hall—left).

Los Angeles has so much to be thankful for now that Angela Lansbury has arrived in *Gypsy*. I suppose it isn't very cavalier of me to carp on some of its distressing faults. Of course, *Gypsy* is hardly virgin territory. First we had an irresistible memoir by the late Gypsy Rose Lee herself. Then we had a fabulous Broadway triumph starring the one and only Ethel Merman for whom the role of Rose was created. Then we had a film version with a knockout performance by Rosalind Russell that was enormously popular. And now we have Miss Lansbury at the very top of her bent in the Shubert after captivating London for the past seven months. Let's start with her. As *Gypsy*'s mother, she delivers one of the greatest musical comedy performances ever seen in these parts. Her voice is simply marvelous and she belts out her songs with relish and brilliant professional authority. All of the show vibrates from her electric presence until she comes to *Rose's Turn* at the finale. She reaches for the brass ring and doesn't quite make it. But even here she

is damned effective and the rafters ring with audience appreciation. She hits such a pinnacle of perfection up to this point, you somehow expect her to touch the stars at the finish line, à la Merman. Let's just say she propels herself off the stage but doesn't go into orbit.

The main fault I find with this *Gypsy* is *Gypsy* herself. Zan Charisse, Cyd's daughter, has been entrusted with this assignment and it's a rotten shame. *Gypsy* is forever protesting in the play that she has no talent. Miss Charisse actually proves this self-analysis to be only too true. She is an ungainly caterpillar who is supposed to turn into a butterfly according to the script. You wait around all evening for her to do this and she never does. She is supposed to get better and better as a stripper but the only improvement I noted had to do with her lighting, her costumes, the staging of her material and the orchestra which plays its heart out. John Sheridan dances Tulsa and is given that second act show-stopper, "All I Need Is the Girl."

He's been with *Gypsy* since he was 13 having played one of the newsboys in the original version. He dances "Girl" as a soft shoe number and I think that's a mistake. The song, one of the best Jule Styne ever wrote, needs taps to build it audibly on the audience's ear. The film followed this pattern and I've seen other stage versions do likewise. However, John insists the original was soft shoe and he ought to know. Regardless, the other way is smashingly effective and, this way, it doesn't build to a climax. Mr. Sheridan has a lovely sense of rhythm but his version is too out of focus to make a sock impression.

The three strippers are integral parts of the show. They give it flavor and style and there must be virtuoso performers in these key, extremely important, roles. Gloria Rossi as Mazeppa learned to play the trumpet raggedly only three weeks ago. Her timing as a dancer is also off. However, her Miss Cratchitt earlier in the show is downright hilarious, a comedy gem. Mary Louise Wilson's Tessie Tura is excellent

but Sally Cooke's Electra misses the boat badly. Bonnie Langford is the best Baby June I've ever seen and Arthur Laurents' direction of his own text is so swift the scenery looks like it's forever going up or coming down. The Shubert has needed a hit ever since it opened *With Gypsy* it finally gets one.

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The *Mind With the Dirty Man* turned up last season at the Mark Taper with Joe Flynn at the helm and received an unfavorable set of notices. Now David Lonn has remounted it with Don Knotts and brought it to the Huntington Hartford. It is really an outrageously bad play, more of a cartoon masquerading as one. It belongs to the ilk of such tacky, ramshackle pieces as *Up in Mabel's Room*, *Ladies' Night in a Turkish Bath* and *Getting Gertie's Garter*. At one time these kind of plays were known as wheezes and they were punctuated by a string of surefire jokes that bore no relationship to the plot. Jules Tasca's jokes are no exception to this rule. *Mind* establishes Wayne Stone, a prim, uptight, God-fearing Buckram, Maryland resident (is there such a place?) as a local blue-movie censor. One day his 20-year-old hippie son turns up with a Linda Lovelace-type wife. They plan to open a new version of *Deep Throat* in the community. The Stones go into immediate cardiac arrest as do other members of the censor board. When the smoke clears, and for no remotely logical reason, the son discovers his very proper mother has been advertising for gentlemen callers. In the course of that quest, she receives a nude photograph from her own husband dispatched to P.O. Box 134. Mr. Tasca is really reaching for it. As you may have surmised, the mother metamorphoses into a really hot number, the father turns into a streaker and the son becomes a primly Victorian bluenose.

Don Knotts has a large following and it filled the theatre. As you need an audience to test humor, this is always a good sign. He plays in one key: he looks harried. Hiram Sherman built his career some years back on this basis and it worked for him. Apparently it works for Mr. Knotts but I would like to see some other qualities in his performance.

* * * *

Joseph Hardy's 1974 retread of Rodgers & Hammerstein's *The King and I* in

the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion is absolutely marvelous. It has actors who can act, singers who can sing, dazzling costumes by Arthur Boccia and a better production design by Robert Randolph than the original. Milton Greene's musical direction is an unending pleasure and Mr. Hardy's direction is impeccable down to every last detail. I had the feeling, while sitting before it, that I was in New York at a stylish opening of a new work (instead of a vintage 24-year-old warhorse) and that's a very good feeling indeed. It takes a bit of doing to satisfy an audience conditioned to Yul Brynner, Gertrude Lawrence and Deborah Kerr but Ricardo Montalban makes a fine king in his own way and displays a splendid physique. Sally Ann Howes brings an extraordinary ring of sincerity to her work as well as a voice that is strong and sure. She has just finished a London engagement as Anna while Senor Montalban played his present role 10 years ago on the same stage upon which he is currently holding court. This is my first encounter with a black Tuptim and Emily Yancy has a superb vocal range and a fine emotional ambience for the part. Lady Thiang has been entrusted to Helena Bliss who exudes enough warmth to heat every corner of the Music Center stage. Joseph Hardy brings a delightful feeling of authentic Siam to the production, rich in color and throbbing with movement. Yuriko recreates the original Jerome Robbins' ballets with love and expertise. This new *King and I* is an irresistibly delightful visit with an old friend.

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Let me begin this review by flatly stating that the Met production of the late William Inge's *Picnic* is the finest I have ever seen of it. It has a brilliant cast of actors who work superbly together, a director who knows, loves and understands not only this play but the entire realm of the theatre and two scenic artists who have executed a masterpiece of functional design. As you may recall, *Picnic* takes place in a backyard shared by two ladies in a small Kansas town. Here we have two fully shingled houses, a large tree with names carved in the trunk, ivy growing up a trellis, a picket fence, a butterfly on a screen door and a bird's nest protruding from an eave. Suspiciously real moonlight filters through the leaves and a

harsh lightbulb illuminates the faces of the actors. Night sounds abound: chirping cicadas, mournful hoots of distant train whistles and the chug of car motors pulling up to the curb. Against this wealth of small-town Americana, Inge spits his tragedy of two people swept up in a maelstrom of sudden lust. Nick Nolte, who apparently specializes in Inge, plays the Ralph Meeker role. Utilizing none of the macho stud formula originally conceived by Josh Logan, he doesn't stuff his basket with rags or flex his muscles. He is the young vagabond, Hal Carter, who cannot help his drifter nature nor his capacity for alcohol.

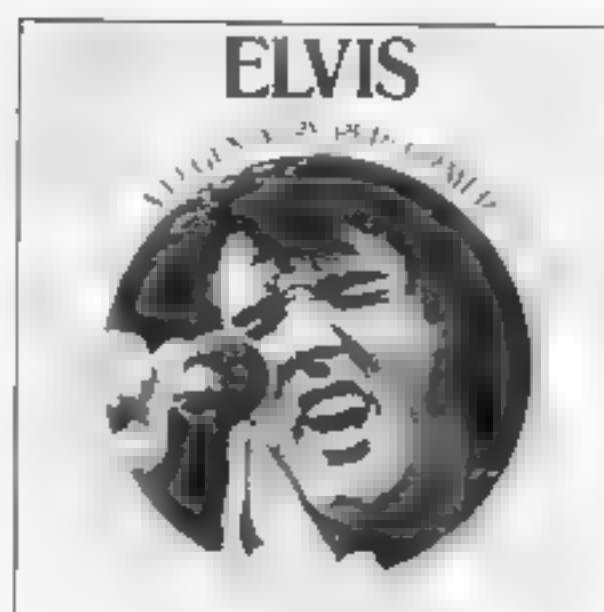
As Madge, C. J. Hincks (C. J.) has the ethereal blonde beauty of a Madeleine Carroll and the solid talent to go with it. She is a marvel and these two play with persuasive fire and passion. Impressive screen stardom looms in the offing for both these performers. Carolan Daniels is Rosemary, the self-styled, old-maid schoolteacher. It is a role every actress dreams of and Miss Daniels stuns you with her virtuosity. Her hysteria that concludes Act 2 is a real dazzler and, when she turns in the gathering dusk in the final act and begs, "Please marry me, Howard," she breaks your heart. As Millie, I was fortunate enough to be present at an understudy's performance who has been waiting in the wings, tap shoes in hand, to go on for Ruby Keeler. Amy Appleton, a bit long in the tooth for 16-year-old kid-sister Millie, nonetheless makes every moment count. She has guts, determination and a style that will, eventually, win the day for her. As two schoolteacher ladies, Nancy Pearlberg and Anne Roby are a director's dream. They come on stage several times during the evening for brief neighborhood visits and they act like folks down the block dropping in for a chat. There is no flurry to get a *Variety* mention nor a Hollywood agent. They are Irma and Christine and I loved their work. They certainly deserve important agents if they do not already have them. Roles are open to them in any play I might ever direct. All the others in this exemplary cast are fine: Viola Kates-Simpson's Helen Potts, Brad Jewett's very believable paper boy, Peggy Stewart's agonizingly real mother (a though I felt she scratched her mosquito bites a mite too often), Bill Vint's suitor who

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In Touch

with music



I'm destroyed! I just heard an album that wasn't supposed to be heard yet: it isn't scheduled for release but it's an LP that **MUST** be heard! Asylum's *Land's End* by Jimmy Webb is not merely just the best album of the year which it definitely is—or even the best album of the decade—which it also is.

It's art, a rarity so seldom achieved by the phonograph record. In fact, about the only other LP that has come up to this high-water mark is *the* LP of the Sixties, "Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" by the Beatles, a zenith of pop music. *Land's End* is every bit as good as that great LP and in many ways even better. It certainly proves beyond doubt that when art is controlled by the artist all things are possible. Mr. Webb's careful loving hand is very much in evidence throughout the recording, producing, performing and, of course, composing. This recording, more importantly, moves him right to the front rank of performing superstar. He's held the rank of super-composer since the earlier days of "By the Time I Get to Phoenix," "MacArthur Park," "Galveston," and "Didn't We." There have been all sorts of dark hints recently that he'd dried up after those hit-after-hit days. That just ain't so. Jimmy Webb has been here all along. It was the music industry that was out to lunch. Just ask Art Garfunkel. He hitched his new solo

career to a Webb song at a time when it seemed everyone else was ignoring him. That song was "All I Know" and the rest is history. The recording reaffirmed Garfunkel as a major recording force after his split with Paul Simon.

This LP not only re-places Jimmy Webb in view as a composer but moves him to the front of the rank, besting even the thunderous talents of the two other major composers of our time, Bob Dylan and Paul Simon. Every song in the album is great. You can get just a taste of it in Webb's current single 45, "Crying in My Sleep" (Asylum AS-11027). I recommend it highly. It's the best you can do for now. But it really is necessary to get into the entire album to find its full worth. It's necessary to enter through its well-thought-out first cut, the title song, "Land's End." This is a haunting instrumental that's guaranteed to give you head spins and leave you gasping. This cut alone should forever place Webb firmly in everyone's mind as a serious composer, ranking right along with the best of our moderns. It's a trip into a heretofore unexplored world, an electronic-like orchestral tone poem. It establishes Webb's powerful simplicity as a purely musical composer: his magic touch with a lyric is a long established fact. "Land's End" makes you wonder why he hasn't composed every film score for the last ten

years.

There are two particular songs that must be pointed out. They not only rank with the very best of his earlier work but exceed it. "Asleep on the Wind" states its case with a clean, simple beauty painting a lovely pastel for you. Then without warning, it finally grabs you with teeth chattering sorrow. Brilliant! It's life and death and everything in one short musical moment caught as only a great artist can. The other song, if anything, is even better. It is "Just This One Time." It will probably go down in the annals of music as the great song of the Seventies. Here we have the haunting, sorrowful cry of the need to be able to feel, to love just once

and how that would make it all worth it. For anyone who's ever loved or ever hurt or ever doubted, this one will do it for you. That takes care of just about all of us.

All in all, the recording vaults Jimmy Webb and establishes him as a legend. With all that powerful, prodigious talent it's a position he should hold as long as he cares and wants to hold on to it. A deep bow of gratitude is in order to Asylum and Dave Geffin. It's goodbye to Jimmy Webb composer and hello superstar legend.

There's no doubt about his holding on to his position in that musical stratosphere. His elevated position will be

helped to a great degree by the fact that he's a male star. The males in the recording industry seem to have much longer life-hit spans than their female counterparts. A very good example is Elvis Presley, who's still very productive and very much still on the charts with a couple of RCA LP's. The first and most important of these, *Elvis, Volume 1, A Legendary Performer* (RCA CLP-1-0341) traces his career from his beginnings with the 1954 country and western hit, "That's All Right" through the first big pop break in 1956 with "Heartbreak Hotel" and brings up to his reemergence in 1961 and "Can't Help Falling in Love." It's packaged in a great cutout cover and contains the obligatory booklet filled with photos, dates and mementos. It's a must for every Presley fan. The other representation is his newie, *Good Times* (RCA CLP-1-0475), that's popping out a whole string of new hits. Elvis can safely be called the consummate rock performer—everyone else in the field learned volumes from his hips.

It's more recently become *de rigueur* to be both composer and performer, which insures both a supply of suitable material and longevity. Until this big breakthrough by Webb, this area has been pretty much ruled by three people: Bob Dylan, whose brilliant *Planet Waves* (Asylum FE-1003) was previously reviewed at length; Neil Diamond, until his rapid decline and fall with the silly, shallow sound track of *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*; and finally Paul Simon.

Simon and his ex-partner, Art Garfunkel, are on the all-important charts both together and separately. Garfunkel's first solo effort, *Angel Clare*, Columbia (KC-31474) is a lovely little album. It contains his hit recording of Webb's "All I Know" and several nice songs well suited to his talents. It easily moves him into the solo-star status and may even turn the super trick. There's no doubt that Paul Simon quickly achieved that status with his first LP on his own, last year's great, great *There Goes Rhymin' Simon* (Columbia, KC-32280). He's helped along, to be sure, by the fact that he is a fine composer with his lovely heartrending lyrics. Simon has a brand new in-concert recording out, *Live Rhymin'* (Columbia, PC-32855), an exciting live recording incorporating some of his hits like,

"Love Me Like a Rock" and a smattering of the earlier well-known work when he and Garfunkel were a duo, including that first smash, "Sounds of Silence." This, along with a great collection of other songs, are available on the inevitable greatest hits collection all artists seem heir to. This one is well worth it, though. Simon and Garfunkel's *Greatest Hits* (Columbia KC-31350) is a fine way to obtain some of the best pop songs of our time, the very best of a great team and one of our best pop composers, whose power hasn't faltered now that he's on his own.

Keeping with this greatest hits pattern, two Apple LP's give us an entire musical era, *Beatles: 1962-1966* (SKBO-3403) and *Beatles: 1967-1970* (SKBO-3404). Sadly, nothing they've done on their own has even touched this stunning work. Lennon and McCartney together created the finest music of that age. No one else was even close. Separately there's just something lacking. Paul McCartney and his group Wings have finally come up winners, after several misfires, in a happy little LP, *Band on the Run* (Apple SO-3415). It has the strange chart buster, "Jet," and a couple of other listenable numbers but it just ain't like old times. John Lennon, the most highly respected talent of the four, has yet to get it together. His latest, *Mind Games* (Apple SW-3414), wasn't too much help but at least a step in the right direction from all the earlier meaningless shlock with Yoko Ono. George Harrison has had one fairly good effort in *Living in the Material World* (Apple SMAS-3401). It caught his lyricism but was very odd and nearly unintelligible. Strangely enough, the least thought of of all the group has come up with by far the best sides. Ringo Starr has come closest to the old feeling with his latest—I must admit all his others have been pretty poor. But, *Ringo* (Apple SWAL-3413) has tumbled out a potful of smash hits, and the current happy, snappy "Oh, My My" is the best instance. No doubt, a big plus for the album is that it succeeded in reuniting all four of the Beatles on one album, although in different places at different times via tape over-recordings. Sad. Let's hope that something will nudge them back to re-forming.

We have a couple of relative newcomers that are striking fire and have just recently entered the heady area of su-

perstardom. John Denver has chart-topped for the first time with his *Greatest Hits* (RCA CLP-1-0374). He's had a careful, slow building career that has neatly managed to cross over age lines much the same way Johnny Mathis did in the late Fifties. Denver has a lovely, lyrical voice that's easy to take. Check out two cuts—the present hit, "Sunshine On My Shoulder" and the haunting, sweet, "Country Roads." A nice gain in popularity from a start as the replacement for Chad Mitchell.

Cat Stevens, an almost overwhelming talent he can do anything, flashed hot and heavy on the scene a few years ago with a string of really powerful LP's, the great bulk of which he composed. Then, for the last couple of albums Stevens made some strange, unexplained and unexplainable inward journey. Finally, he's returned to us, with as much talent as ever. *Buddha and the Chocolate Box* (A&M SP 3623) is his best in a long time and even ranks right there with his best efforts. Only one listen to the new chart-bound cut, "On Very Young" will show you what I mean. It returns Cat Stevens to what he does best and it looks like he's doing it even better.

As long as Johnny Mathis has been brought up, you must know that his "Greatest Hits" LP is still selling—to date it's the industry's best seller and has been listed on the charts longer than any other record. Just recently it's been made available in a twin pack, *Johnny Mathis' All-Time Greatest Hits* (Columbia KC-31345). It's a stunning collection of warm memories. Mathis holds the distinction of having had all his albums on the charts at one time or another, which is a staggering accomplishment. He, too, has out a newie, *I'm Coming Home* (Columbia KC-32435), and it's fine in his own inimitable way.

The comeback story of the year could be Johnny Rivers. He's reemerging on a brand new label, Atlantic, with *Road* (SD-7301). Recalling an earlier, profitable association with Jimmy Webb, one that salvaged a then sagging career and sent him in a new, more prolific direction, he's included Webb's haunting "See You Then." This makes the LP worth the money. Another cut worth some attention is "Artist and Poets" dedicated to Gram Parsons, Bobby Darin and Jim Croce, all of whom recently died.

Continued on Page 76



rising star

by Allan Leopold
photos by Rik Lawrence



Jerry Clark opened his Vista Del Mar door attired in a white T-shirt with a large photograph of Jerry Clark on it under the words, "Mother Never Told Me About. . ."

"Please forgive me. I must look a fright. I've been rushing to pack for the plane and my San Francisco weekend."

"Where did you get that shirt?" I laughed.

"Oh, I had to mail away a coupon from the back of an Ultra-Brite toothpaste box."

"I see you're not wearing your rhinestone belt."

Jerry had worn it to a champagne bash after his smash hit in *The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter* at the Off Broadway in San Diego. And Yvonne de Carlo had said, "Jerry, why are you wearing my belt?"

In response to my query, Jerry explained: "Well, keeping up the payments on it was so expensive. And when I wore it on the streets, it attracted the riff-raff."

We repaired to a local funky crepe house for lunch.

"How old are you?" I began.

Just put down 20 something and shut up about it.

"Very well. Jerry Clark was born in an unidentified year. Any other Clarks around?"

"I have an older brother, Don, who is thirtyish. We're five years apart. Just far enough apart to have fought constantly

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, JERRY CLARK

throughout our childhood. I went right through the Highland Park school system like a shot. I was a cheerleader.

"Did you jump up and down and wave pom-poms?"

There ensued a pregnant pause.

"I was a terribly butch cheerleader. I was president of the Lads and Lassies Choral Society. I was on the staff of the yearbook. I just kept my little buns moving. I was busy, busy, busy. From high school I went right into Yale where I majored in theatre. I immediately started producing my own undergraduate revues: *Four to Go*, *Bottoms Up*, *Son of Bottoms Up*, and *Bottoms Up Returns*. They were all very chic and utterly successful. We used hip, sophisticated material. Hofbrau House hired us to do our stuff there. It has since been torn down for urban renewal. I was tapped for Skull & Bones, which is the highest non-academic honor you can receive at Yale. This is a secret society that has been in existence since 1832. There are seven secret societies and each has a tomb in downtown New Haven. Many rumors circulate as to what happens when you are tapped for this honor. One suggests you have to wrestle nude in the mud with whoever tapped you. My secret vows forbid me to disclose the truth of this. Another rumor has it that if you are tapped you will never be in need and can draw up to \$10,000 per annum. I was voted Rex Boni, King of the Bones, a really staggering honor, and I accepted with all the good grace and humility I could muster. The third largest Co-op in Connecticut owns the

Skull and Bones Tomb. All the names of its members are published in the newspapers

"My joy over Skull and Bones did not extend to my major. Enconced in the drama department was an aging old harridan who cultivated a heavy henna rinse. Her name was Constance Welch. The first day of class she asked us all to prepare a comedy routine which she would evaluate and criticize. Everybody decided to do *Prometheus Bound* while I prepared *Under the Yum Yum Tree*. When I did it, the entire class collectively peed but Miss Welch didn't crack a smile. For the next three weeks she carefully evaluated everything in sight except my scene. Finally I asked her what even my best friends had dared not tell me. Did I, perhaps, have bad breath? She came right out with it. Miss Welch thought *Under the Yum Yum Tree* was obscene.

"Ever since then, whenever I got up to do anything, the class laughed. They started laughing when I walked up to the stage. I really didn't need any material at all. They were still laughing when I walked up the aisle to get my diploma. Once I was doing *The Fantasticks* and Constance refused to come because she was sure I'd burlesque it and it was one of her favorite plays. Since hers was the only game in town, I applied to her for the second year acting class. She wouldn't let me in because she had just taken in Paul something or other. He had terrible skin. This completed her quota of 33 students and, if she took me, that would be 34 and too many. She just couldn't. Well, I was mad for applause and I had to get it somewhere so I began doing summer stock between semesters. I worked at Falmouth, the Orleans Arena, the Medeira Club in Provincetown and the Milwaukee Melodytop. Finally, I graduated."

What year was that?

Jerry gave me *that* look

I really don't think that's terribly crucial to this story. Anyway, some time later, I did a revue on Cape Cod called 'Mod caps' and Tom Lehrer saw me. Jerry Herman of *Hello Dolly!*

me had started revues in Provincetown in 1960. Such talented people as Ruth Buzzi, Dom De Luise, Carol Morley and R.G. Brown came out of them. John Paul Hudson was associated with the revues and offered me further work later on. Mr. Lehrer asked to meet me and wrote a half to two thirds of my material for a nightclub act I opened at Upstairs at the Duplex, 55 Grove Street in Sheridan Square, New York City.

"Then John Paul Hudson offered me *Barefoot Boys with Chick* at the Yacht Haven Hotel in St. Thomas, the Virgin Islands, but I didn't see any virgins. After that, I did *MacBird* in New York, a takeoff on the Johnsons. I played Teddy Ken O'Dunc. It was a hit and I followed it with an Equity Library theatre production of Rodgers and Hart's *Babes in Arms*. I played the comic villain, Lee Calhoun. This led to my engagement at the famous Upstairs at the Downstairs with five other cohorts: Jeanette Landis of the Royal Shakespeare Co., Vikki Wyndham (who is now queen of the soap operas); Warren Burton (now a writer and a recent California arrival); a boy named Steve Nelson (currently a highly paid New York model), and, of course, Lily Tomlin whom I adored. The show was called *Photo Finish* and ran for seven months. In it I sang a ballad about heart transplants called 'For a Little While.' It was a serious song but, if you took it the wrong way, it was really terribly funny. Lily and I did a takeoff on the Mike Nichols/Elaine May team called 'It Seemed We Stood and Talked' and it was the highlight of my revue career. The IFA Agency was handling

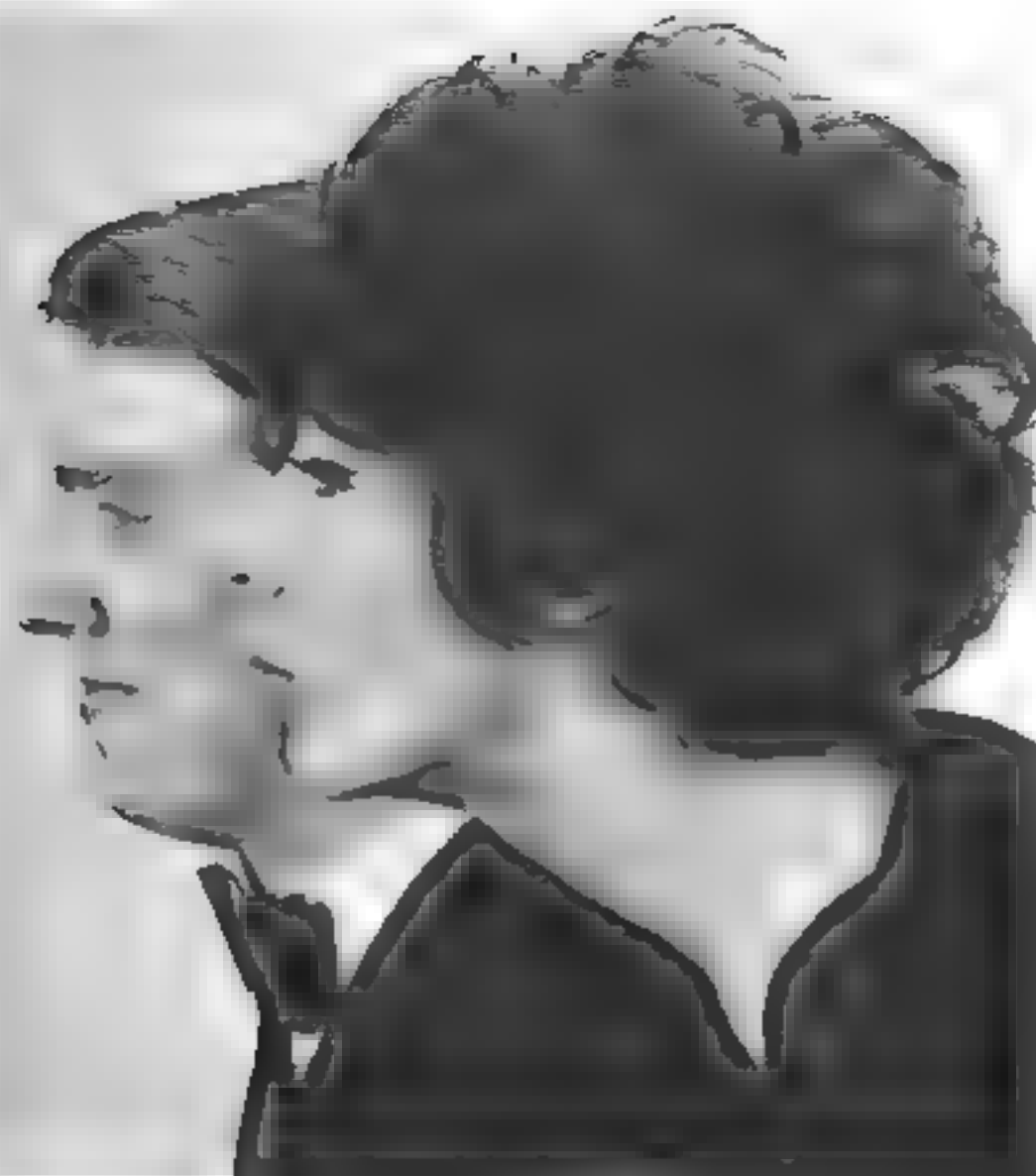
Lily at the time and they went into cardiac arrest over it.

"I'll skip quickly over my next stint, an absolute fiasco in Las Vegas at Caesar's Palace. This was the low point of my life. The star of this porcine tragedy is a fat lady and that is the extent of her talent. If I ever get the chance, I will step on that producer. The show was an assemblage of garbage blackouts, an expensive collection of someone's favorite party jokes. After I saw *Oh Calcutta!* I decided to take off all my clothes for Lee Hessel and *The Way It Is*. This was a revue with a cast of nine (all nude except for one girl who refused (Renee Lippin). She is now a semi-regular on the 'Bob Newhart Show'. On the strength of my body, it ran two months of previews. I was the first actor in the history of the New York theatre to appear stark naked on a pogo stick."

"Would you do another nude show today?"

"Sure. My body's better. I work out and I have some new muscles to display. *The Way It Is* was written by a Terrytown dentist who has since returned to dentistry. When you're stand-





With Lily Tomlin, Jerry recalls a famous comedy team for their appearance at the Upstairs at the Downstairs (Werner J. Kuhn—top of page). Off-Broadway in "Wanted," Jerry played Babycakes to Merwin Goldsmith's Jacob Hooper (Friedman-Abeles—above). Jerry was featured as Motel, the tailor, in the Sacramento Music Fair's production of "Fiddler on the Roof" (page 61, top). With Stephanie Powers, Jerry toured summer stock in "How the Other Half Loves" (page 61, center). Mr. Clark performs the Gigolo number from "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter" at the Off-Broadway in San Diego (page 61, bottom)

ing up there without any clothes on, the audience is forced to take a comprehensive view of all your talents. During the run of this, I started doing all kinds of commercials and it simply did wonders for my social life."

"Did you have any stage-door Johnnies?"

"We had stage-door everybody. It was a fascinating experience. There were a lot of costumes that kept being taken off. In the final sketch, I played a rabbi who regressed to his childhood. That's when I did my pogo stick bit. I bounced up and down. When I would stop, the rest of me wouldn't . . . no, you can't print my phone number . . . maybe I'll let you print my service

every time I bounced, this woman in the audience would positively shriek with laughter. It was just like she was laying eggs in her seat. Call it kind of a cack e shriek. None of that cast had any secrets from anybody. You know, when we had the final audition (the moment of truth when we had mass body undrapings for the producers, Lee Hessel and Sam Fleischman), Equity had a rule stating an Equity representative had to be on hand. There was a flurry that year for Equity representative employment applications. We used to lovingly call them the Equity crotch watchers. Mr. Hessel and Mr. Fleischman said, 'Do you want to come in and undress individually or as a group?' We all decided to do it as a group. We all came on and, just as if we were being choreographed, we undressed button for button. Suddenly we were, simultaneously, 13 naked actors. They asked us to step out of line and turn around. There was a moment of silence and then we all burst out laughing. After that we were a unit and no tensions ever existed anymore between any of us. We were a naked minority against the world and our audiences. It was a baptism of fire.

' But everything that could conceivably go wrong with a show went wrong with that one. We never opened. We previewed for eight weeks and lost \$80,000. I started writing a book about it, got to 50 pages and talked to everybody. I finally talked myself out of writing the book. It was produced at the Empire Hotel right across from Lincoln Center at Broadway and 63rd Street in the main ballroom. Such a very local setting.

"Next came *George M* with the remarkable Joel Grey. I played Sam Harris. I think Joel ought to win the Oscar for *Man on a Swing*. In the course of this show, I came down with hepatitis. I got a bright golden haze on the meadow. I returned to my ancestral seat to renew my roots and my mother went right into her big mother routine. I was installed at the Gaston Episcopal Hospital, a shocking pink adobe that looked just like a whorehouse in Honduras. I felt immediately at home."

"You're talking too fast. I can't get this all down."

"Write faster! The entire nursing staff sounded like the cast of 'Hee Haw'. I became devoted to my nurse, Miss Bernevia Chandler. She was a cross between the late Dana Sands and Attila the Hun. All she ever said to me was: 'Please call me Miss Chandler. Never Bernevia.' I replied: 'Yes, Bernevia,' and I never called her anything else. One day she came to my room and I wasn't there. I had gone home to mother. When they leave your quarters they all dip their hands in a large basin. Then when you're discharged, they attempt to erase your memory from the building. A fleet of Negresses line up in a long column, kitchen matches in hand, and they burn down your room.

"With the return of pink cheeks, I arrived back in the big city and went into *Wanted*, an Off-Broadway musical by the Reverend Al Carmines. It was about J. Edgar Hoover's love life. It

seems he was very closety. Anyway, I played his boyfriend. I sat on his lap and sang 'Whispering Words to Your Associate in Business'. The show got terrific reviews from Clive Barnes and just about everybody else but nobody came to see it. We decided to move it from the Judson Memorial Church to the Cherry Lane Theatre and when J. Edgar got wind of it he tried to stop us. Anyway, there's talk of doing it at the Washington Arena next year. The Reverend Al Carmine has come out recently and you can print that. And I hear it washed up all my chances of ever becoming an FBI agent. Well, that's show biz.

"After *Wanted* shut down, people kept coming up to me and saying, 'Go west, young man.' So I decided to come out here and I've been very busy, not particularly for the reasons I came. I had done summer stock with Jaye P. Morgan, Robert Q. Lewis and Selma Diamond at the Milwaukee Melodytop. At that time, they were handled by Don Wartman who was with IFA. Don had seen me do Charlie Matson in *How Now Dow Jones* and Eddie Ryan in *Funny Girl*. He called me to audition for the Sacramento Music Circus. I did *Fiddler* there, the part of Motel, the tailor, with Kurt Kasznar. I did a 'Temperatures Rising' for ABC in the role of a nervous intern and a Chevrolet commercial. Last summer I toured with George Maharis, Alan Sues, Diane Baker and Stephanie Powers in *How the Other Half Loves*."

We played it for John Kenley and his Kenley Players in Warren, Dayton and Columbus, Ohio. George Maharis' nude centerfold for *Playgirl* had just come out and all the women in the audience brought it backstage for him to autograph. He used to strip to the waist in the play and show part of his centerfold right down to the staple. George is very big about his bod. He works out a lot and is very well defined. After my triumph in this, Don Wartman called me and asked me to do *The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter* at the Off-Broadway in San Diego. The show ran two years in New York and two years in San Francisco and consisted of 33 musical numbers. Yvonne de Carlo was our star and she was never really part of the gang. I think she would have had fun being part of the gang. But she stayed out at Shelter Island on a higher plane. Nanette Fabray had been set for the lead when her husband suddenly died. Don hit upon Yvonne because of her appearance in *Follies*. She's a dizzy lady but well-meaning. Helen Gallagher, a dear friend of our director, Harold Lang, came down to visit him. She assisted and cleaned up ragged numbers in the show uncredited, mind you, and unpaid. She worked closely with Yvonne. Helen said to me, 'I love your work for a lot of reasons. The main one has to do with joy. When you're working, it's like the stage is the only place in the world you want to be. When I see this in another performer, it just knocks me out.'

I stayed on to do *Irma La Douce* there and Juliet Prowse came to see it. Juliet, of course, has done *Irma* all over the world and she wanted to see her husband, John McCook's performance, in it. He had the male lead and she really raked him over the coals when she saw what he hadn't done with it. She snapped, 'Get your ass in gear, Toots.'

"And he did.

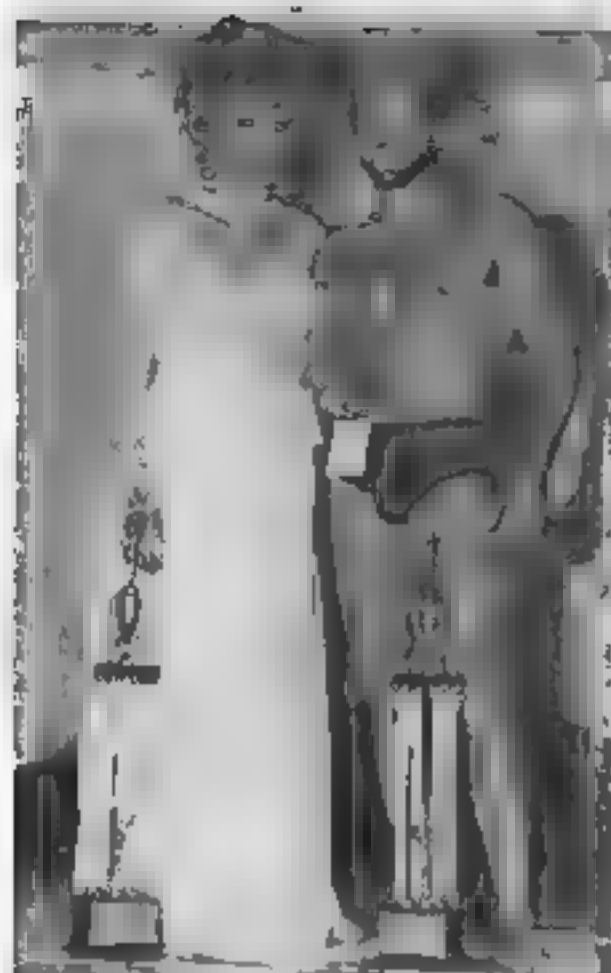
"What about your future, buster?" I asked.

"I'm looking for a pushy manager. I've known nice guys for so long I'm now ready for somebody obnoxious."

"I'm sure he will find the right man. For who, in his right mind, can resist Jerry Clark?"



the balls... 1974



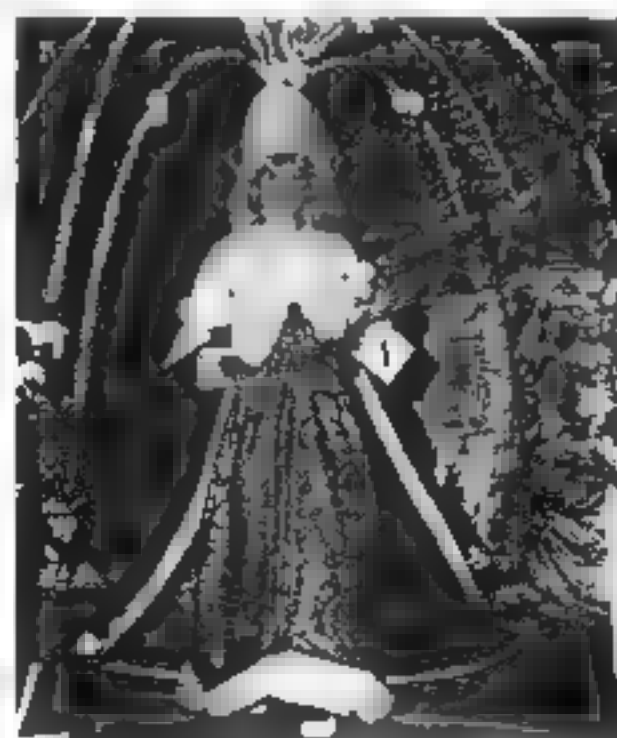
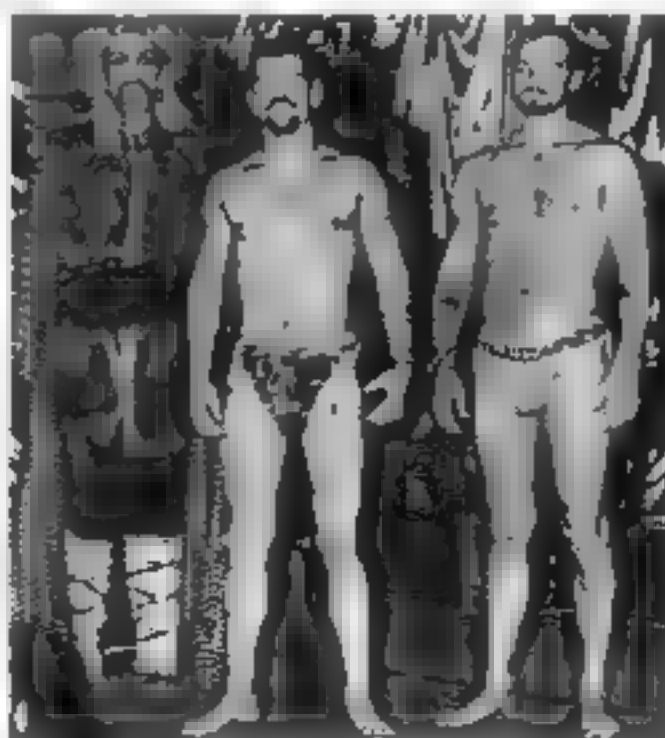
Georgia Brown and Rhett Baron were chosen the 1974 Mr. and Miss Gay Valentine (left). Andrea Nicole and Bill Shepard were the second place winners in the contest (right). M.C. Charlene present Rick the Mr. Cupid Award (far right).



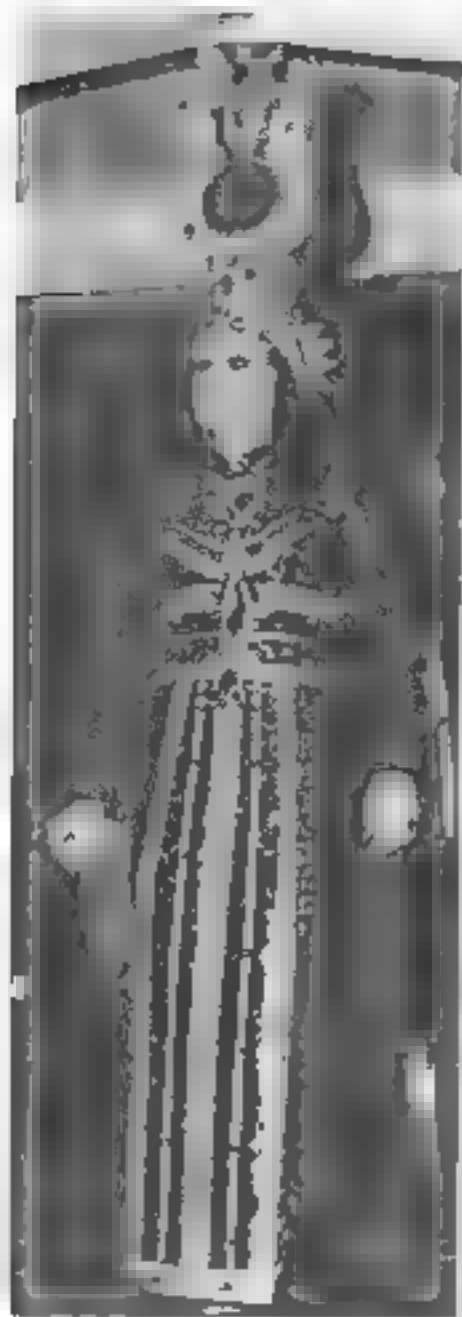
MR. & MISS GAY VALENTINE



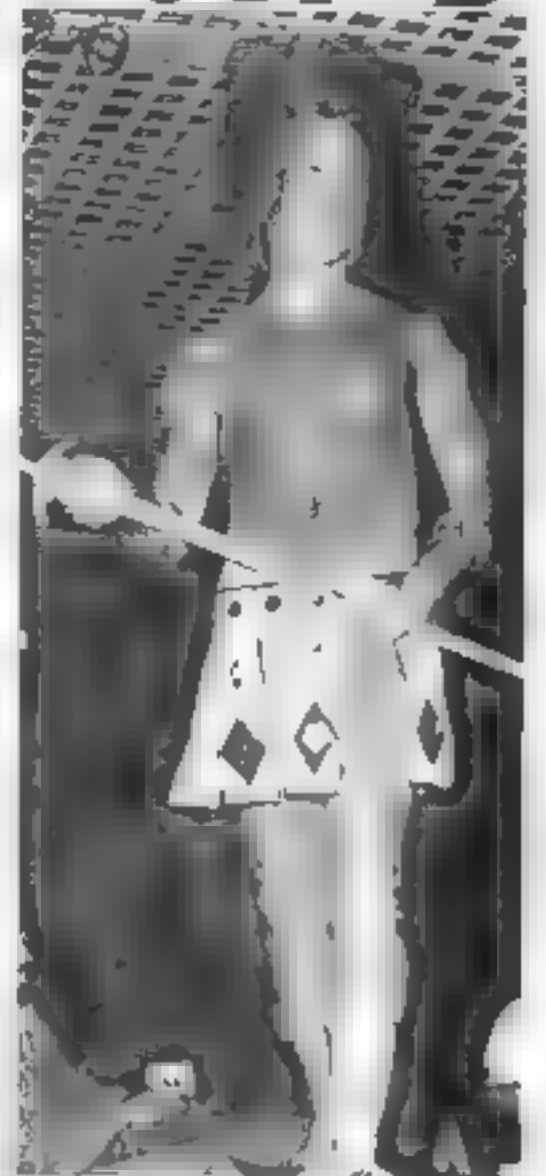
Producers John Barlow, Ray Blake and Luigi (left to right) gather around the 1973 Empress of Long Beach, Anita Day (left). Mother Mason, master of ceremonies, and her two slaves, Jeff and Chuck (below, left). One of the contestants for the best woman's costume contest (below, right).



QUEEN OF HEARTS



BATTLE OF THE U.P.'S



Producer Le Ray appeared as the Sun God (left). The winner's circle (above, top). The judges' table (above, bottom). Bob Brophy portrayed the god Vulcan in the opening ceremonies (right).

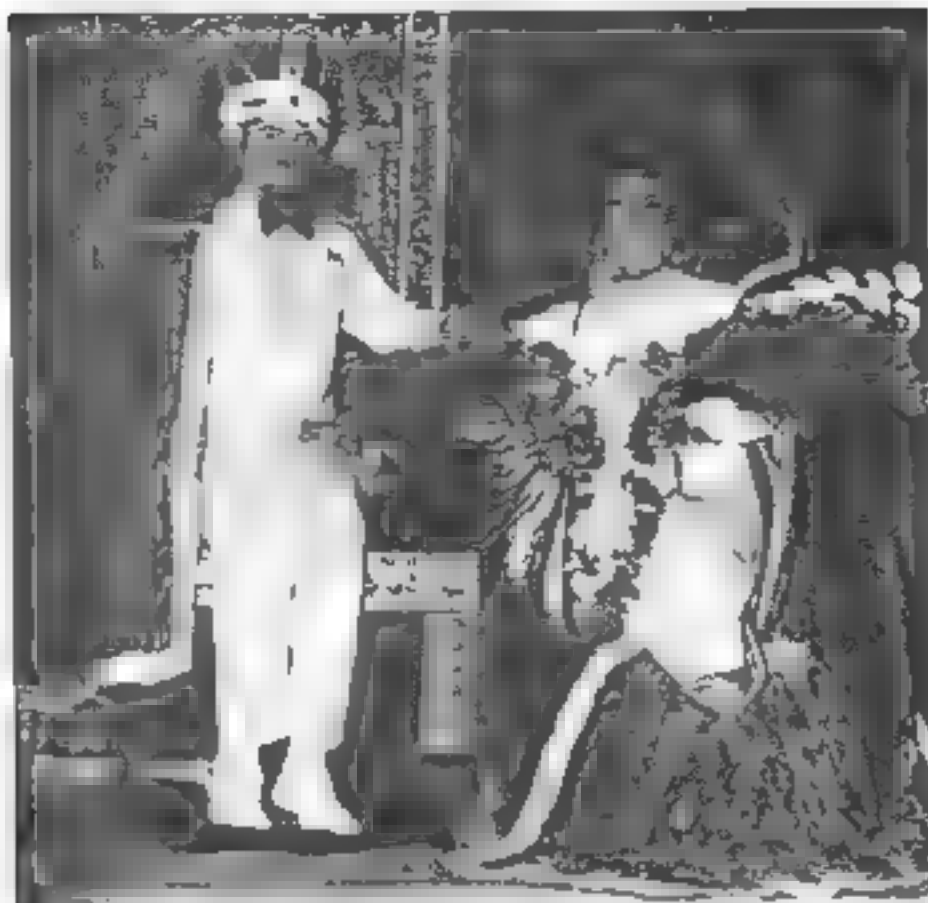
(above, top) The judges' table featured Bill Shepard (second from right) on the panel (above, bottom). Bob Brophy portrayed the god Vulcan in the opening ceremonies (right).



SENIOR PROM

Tacky David of the River Club sponsored this year's Senior Prom (left). The Prom Dancers led off the evening's festivities (right). Below are featured the official photos of the 1974 graduating class.





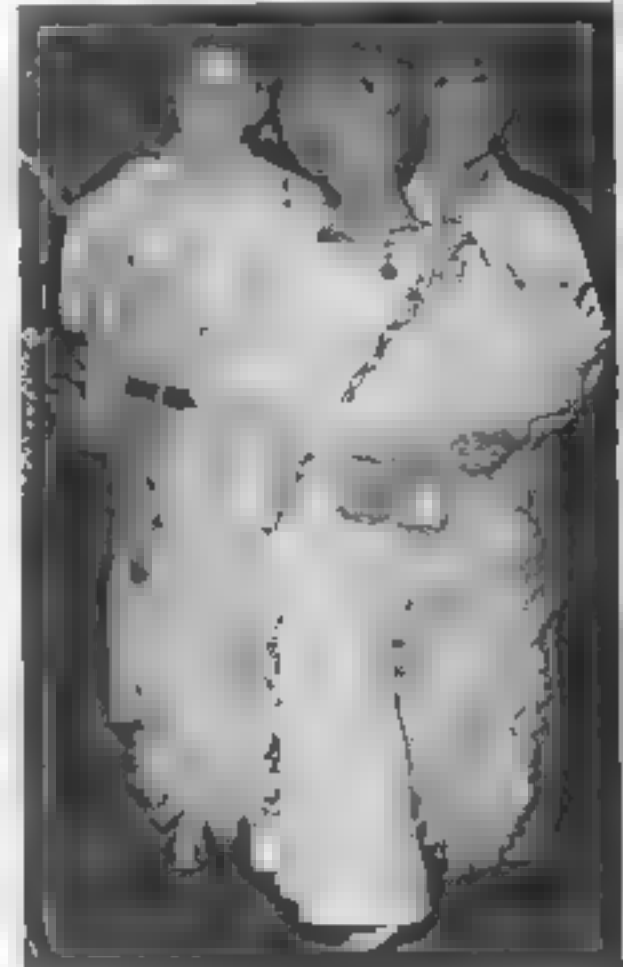
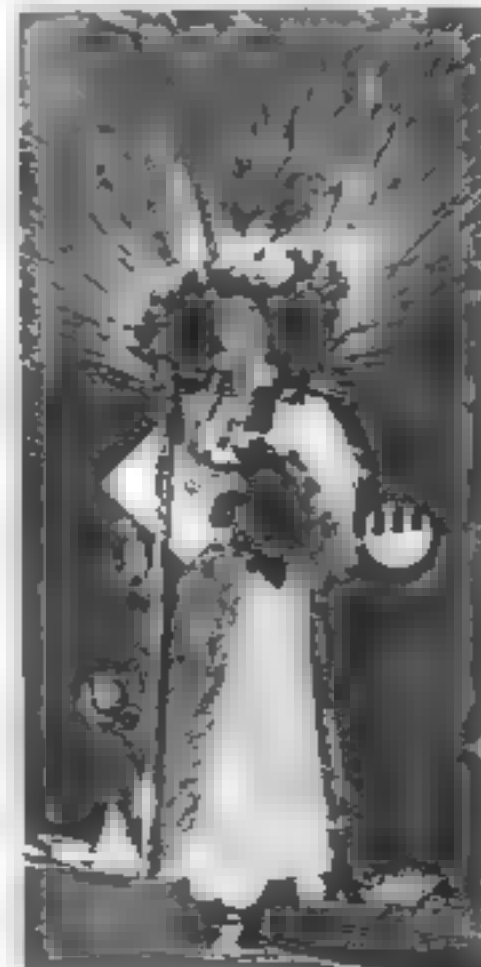
The 1974 Empress and Emperor of San Diego, Toby I and Don (left). The evening's entertainment featured the Sandettes (right). The Royal Lineup of Empresses and Emperors: Jackie and Bill of the San Fernando Valley, Jean and George of Pomona, Le Ray and Luigi, emeritus of Los Angeles, Honey Caroline and John of Los Angeles (center, left). Freida and Russ of San Francisco, Alicia and Allen of South Bay, Georgia Brown and Gary of Long Beach, and Mai Tai of Santa Monica (center, right). Tawny Tan was 1973's Empress of San Diego (bottom left). Lady Dominique of Los Angeles was escorted by Jerry Davis (left) and Harold Bergeson (bottom right).

THE SANDIEGO AWARDS & CORONATION BALL



Serena Saunders and Rusty Stone were Mr. and Miss Gay Hollywood for 1974. Here they are greeted by the producer Veronica VaVoom.

MR. & MISS GAY HOLLYWOOD





WALKING ON WATER



Water-skiing just may be the next best thing to being able to fly. Whether you're a novice and choose a slow, lazy pull around the lake or have reached a high degree of proficiency and can kick off those water skis and barefoot it, all the incredible sensations of the sport are pretty much the same. It's a wind-free dash after some elusive lake-kissed breeze, grabbing that little bit of lake-moistened air in both your mind and body before it has a chance to escape, and straddling that breeze and just letting it take you.

The only things under you are those little pieces of elongated wood. Of course, if you really are brave you can try doing it on one ski or kicking them both off and using no skis at all. Barefoot skiing is rapidly becoming a favorite pastime for a larger and larger number of the more adept and more adventuresome skiers. Choose whatever way. Zipping across the flat surface of a brilliant lake, scattering a spiraling cascade of sun-sparkled droplets over your head and a gem-encrusted wake behind you, is truly spectacular. It's nearly as thrilling to watch as it is to do. Besides, it is about as close as we'll ever come to walking on water . . . and it's a hell of a lot more fun.

Chuck and Rick, both Midwesterners, are very good on water skis. They seem to have come by the sport naturally. True, outside of swimming, it is the most popular water contact sport in the Midwest. All those flat, tideless lakes make California's big water rage, surfing, impossible there. Here in California it would seem that surfing would far out-distance water-skiing but actually it lags only a bit behind in popularity. Its popularity proves that Californians are into all kinds of water sports. We produce a staggering array of championship swimmers, divers and surfers, and have recently added skiers to the list. Water-skiing titles are battled back and forth across the country, and the women's barefoot champ is currently a Californian.

Fortunately we have many calm, protected lakes in this state mostly the products of extinct volcanoes and water-filled craters. It isn't too hard to locate these lakes and they lend themselves nicely to skiing. A placid body of water is needed to really perform the sport well. Huge, sloshing waves make it impossible to keep your balance. Even a few mild ripples can bring an abrupt halt to thoughts of fancy foot-to-water work. The best you can do in choppy water is get in a little straight skiing so, we were off in search of one of the water-centered wildernesses. Any small lake where skiing might be possible continues

to lure flocks of ski-happy tourists to their shores, as the sport reaffirms its spiraling climb here in the state.

Lake Elsinore, literally named after Hamlet's castle-home in Denmark, is just such a place and perfect for our watery little jaunt. It lies to the east and slightly south of Los Angeles in that corner of Riverside County where it joins with Los Angeles and Orange Counties. Elsinore is probably one of the water-filled craters. It's in a small valley high in the hills. Surrounding it, and the two small resort communities on either shore of the long, narrow lake, are rolling hills that inch their way up the encircling incline to become a ring-around of high, snowcapped peaks. That first look at the lake as you cross over the high mountains is unforgettable. It bursts on your eyes in a dazzle, like stumbling across some wilderness diamond set in a baroque green-gold mounting of piney hills. In season you can find a lot of activity on the small lake. Fishing and boating are both very popular here but neither equals the lake's big lure of perfect water skiing.

During such an off-season in any area that derives its main





income from tourism, there's an opportunity that the on-season can never offer the opportunity to come into real contact with the local inhabitants as they are and in the way they exist. The small community of Elsinore, on the east side of the lake, is open, charming and friendly. We were there just before the season was starting and the nippy, mountain-high, night air was still whispering of frost. It's great to find so many people who will go so far out of their way to help, to lend a hand just to make your stay a bit more comfortable and a lot more interesting. With practically no other tourist around, we were given the red carpet treatment. Naturally many of the lures of the little town

like the open-air mineral baths—were closed down until the hordes of summer tourists started descending. There's no night life here. Even the few family-style, home-cooking restaurants all close around four o'clock in the afternoon. It's all just as well since a day spent in that crisp air, doing a water trip with nature, moves you back to an age-old instinct: asleep at darkness and awake at dawn. We were awake and on the lake's edge just as the sun jutted over those craggy peaks and pointed its blinding fingers at the lake's moon-silvered surface. The first greeters who met us were the laughing calls of the loons from the far side of the lake. They were quickly followed by a sleepy, swimming flock of kibitzing ducks.

The way to start such a day was, of course, breakfast . . . a re-a-uncit-fied breakfast of stacks and stacks of buckwheats with warm maple syrup, eggs, ham or bacon, fresh juice and endless coffee. It was all served by a happy, helpful waitress in the midst of friendly, hard-working, mountain folk. They were all

eager to help us and full of suggestions. Amazing. It's like they never knew that just a short trip down the freeway would land them right in the center of the hustle of Los Angeles. This going out in search of nature can bring so many nice little surprises—like being shown all your earlier, more unhurried heritages in just the warm smiles of an entire family of ranchers. I must admit that my response was a pleasantly happy one and that it lasted all day. I'm very sure that all these people are always the same, both in and out of season. That experience, in itself, is more than worth the short trip to Elsinore.

Well fortified by all the food and friend-essness, an easy stroll around the edges of the now rapidly awakening lake for a few quiet moments of contemplation was next. Rick and Chuck tested the water from time to time with the hope that the sun would warm it up a bit. By mid-morning we'd all pretty much decided that the water had reached its highest temperature, so we set off to get the skis. After checking out the wide range of equipment available at Alahoa Marina the guys decided to add a couple of wet-suits to the rental order. These would help fight off a lot of the chill of the first near-freezing dippings into the lake.

We packed all into the little car and drove a mile or so to the far side of the lake to meet the driver and the boat he'd rented us. The boat was a sleek, fast, little, in-board number perfect for pulling two skiers at top speeds. The off-hand, friendly driver was an ace skier himself. We all relaxed, knowing we were in expert hands. Rick and Chuck quickly stripped off, after wetting down both the skis and the wet-suits. The water was still



quite cold. Chuck simply gritted his teeth and ran out into it up to his neck in one dash. Rick was right in there behind him. It was the only way to become quickly accustomed to the cool water temperature. When everything was at the go-point, the guys skillfully tucked their bodies into those skintight wet-suits and pulled into the tow lines behind the boat. The boat edged out to deeper water, taunting the lines. Chuck and Rick were ready, submerged in the water up to their necks with only the top tips of the skis showing. The boat let out a motorized grunt, jerked the ropes in a hard zinging strain; and they were off across the lake.

Either from shore or inside the boat the sight of someone seeming to foot-float in a boat's wake, sending up a shimmering spray behind them, can only be described as spectacular. Both Chuck and Rick are really fine water-skiers and this only adds to the enjoyment. They did a series of high jumps over the huge wake-waves created by the boat. This was followed by several fancy cross-overs, including some switching hands, and even a little single hand work. This single-hand action led naturally to a little buddy-skiing. That's where you hang on to the rope with one hand and to your buddy with the other hand. This move may sound and look easy but it's really quite hard. It's difficult enough just to ski on that slick water and be responsible for yourself. When you add another person's unexpected responses to whatever quickly newfound maneuvering necessities of your own, it doubles not only your need for alertness but also your response ability. Everything went very well up to the point the guys let go of each other's hands and side-skied to opposite sides of the huge wake. A too quick side-glide sent Chuck tumbling, headfirst, into the water.

Our driver was quick and alert. One big, easy circle pulled the boat right up to Chuck. He was fine, happy and laughing. The tow-line snaked by him in the water. In a flash he grabbed it, was back on his feet and ready to go again. The driver pulled them close to our starting point and gave the drop-off signal meaning that they should drop the lines and head back onto the shore. They did so over a bit of pantomimed protest. When the boat pulled around and remoored, the driver hopped out and quickly explained that it's always best after a dunking to stop and check to see that everything's all right. It was a good chance to warm up a bit and give the skiers a second wind. The warming and rewinding only lasted a short time. Soon, both Chuck and Rick had stripped off the wet-suits and were running into the chilly water, laughing and splashing. A few cartwheels later our driver was convinced they were ready to go out again. Rick had already decided the wet-suit was just too much of a hindrance, that low water temperature notwithstanding, and opted for just his swimsuit for the next go-around. Chuck quickly agreed and readily followed suit. In short order they had hold of those tow-lines again. Another roar of the boat and a quick snap of the wet ropes and they were off once more.

They'd gotten together with the driver and decided on some "real" skiing. The engine of the sleek, little craft was pushing up to its limits as they raced off at dizzying speeds across the lake's shiny surface. At first all the moves—cross-overs, jumps and one-handing—seemed about the same as the first time out, only a lot faster. Then the moves got a bit fancier until the guys decided to try and rework the buddy trick that had dunked Chuck earlier. Its start was smooth and easy. It seemed they were going a bit fast for such a maneuver but, in spite of the high speed, they





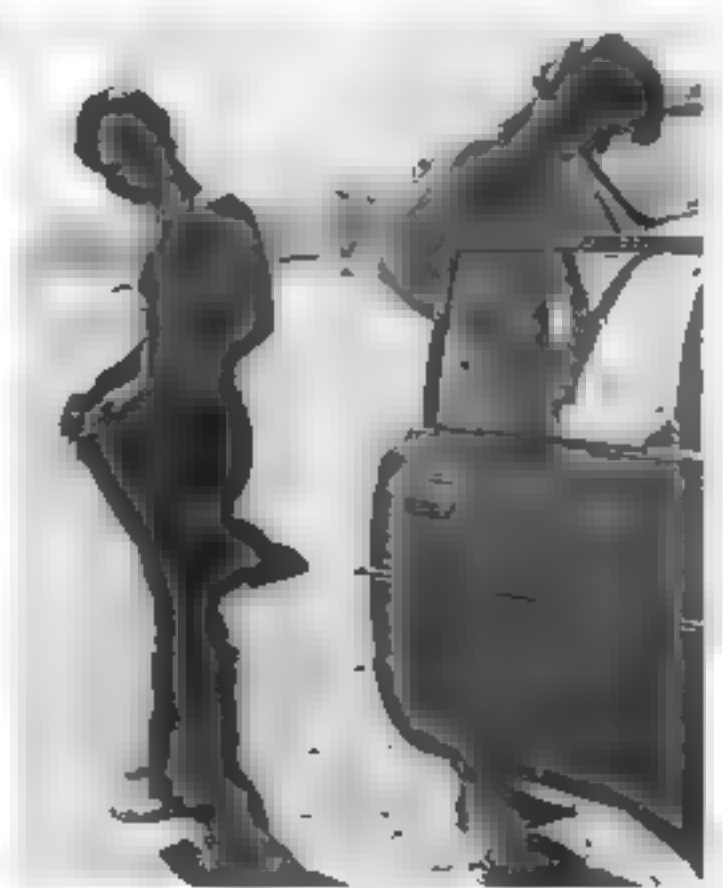
managed to pull it off without a hitch. You could feel the elation crackling between them all the way over on the shore. It boosted their courage to new heights. The tricks were becoming flashier and showier.

Rick decided to try skiing on one ski. He gave the high sign to the driver that told him he was dropping off the excess ski. A quick turn into shore sent the lone ski bobbing back to the boat's empty moorings. Chuck relaxed and guided himself wide of the boat on his side of the wake. Rick began a series of easy, dancelike, one-ski movements. They were fluid and graceful, pulled off without a hitch. A last, full turn on the one ski and he let out an elated shout, starting a huge flock of disinterested ducks. The boat circled back and he dropped off, elated and energetic from success. After a couple of easy finish-up laps, Chuck dropped off, too, swimming back toward us in slow, easy strokes.

It was only midafternoon, but already the sun had carefully slipped behind a jagged peak and the chilly winds of impending

night were whistling around us. Both Chuck and Rick sought the comfort of huge, warm beach towels, laughing and rubbing damp arms and legs as rapidly as possible to get the circulation recouring to their numbed toes and fingers.

When finally rewarmed and dressed, they stood together on the edge of the rapidly night-silvering lake. Their heads seemed to race the very same waters where they'd been physically racing just as fast such a short time ago. The final, long, dark shadow of the mountains covered the lake, turning off its jewel-like glow. Even the few remaining birds slipped away, back to some reed-protected cover. The driver, having repacked his boat, bade us a friendly, "So long, see ya later . . . I hope." One last, long pause. We stood silently on the shore, shivering. The friendly little community was flickering on in small spots of light to guard against the night. We could only utter some quietly unspoken goodbyes to all our friends, leaving them in their natural surroundings and return to our own, now seemingly strange world.





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It's always advisable to begin any construction with a definite plan of action and preferably a sketch of the intended design and framework. After determining what you want the finished product to look like, it should be fairly easy to design a framework that will support it. By drawing everything according to a simple scale (one inch equals one foot), you can determine in advance how much lumber you will require and can cut it or have it cut to the correct specifications.

Here is a simple design that requires little actual carpentry: Using a 4'x8' sheet of ¾-inch shop grade plywood—full width—attach it to the frame, the design of which we leave to you. (There is no particular rule of thumb—only make it sturdy.) Cut an opening for the firebox before the sheet is nailed in place—2½ feet wide and 2 feet high.

From another sheet of the same type of plywood, cut the sides of the fireplace and chimney approximately 12 inches deep and full height. From the remaining lumber you should have enough to face the inside of the firebox and perhaps to form a base for a hearth that may be covered with tiles or other material. That is the basic construction. Then follow all the finish work that makes the product complete.

For an exterior finish you may want to cover the plywood with joint cement. Spread it on with a 6-inch-wide spatula. You can determine the texture you prefer by the amount of cement that you use and the pattern in which you apply it—swirls, cross-hatching, and so on.

If you would prefer a smooth finish,

you needn't use joint cement at all but you will need a better grade of plywood. Be careful not to bruise the wood when nailing it in place. Paint is all you will need for a smooth finished surface.

For further variation you might cover your new creation with wallpaper, fake bricks, real or fake tile, stone, mirror squares, old or new boards, paneling or a combination of some of these. There are any number of possibilities available from this one simple theme of construction.

If, as mentioned earlier, you decide to surface the plywood with joint cement, allow it to dry overnight. It has the look of plaster or cement and can be painted or left natural. For a finishing touch on this surface, you might use stained wooden moulding or 1x4's as trim along the edges. Paint the opening of the firebox white or black and white for a smashing contrast.

If you prefer more than paint for the

firebox, it is fairly easy to mortar used brick or to glue in ceramic tile with tubes of tile mastic. Many large hobby shops and lumber yards now carry a ½-inch-thick fake brick that is very easy to work with and can be cut to size like a piece of wood.

For a hearth you can use the remaining lumber and surface it with brick or tile placed flush together for a neat complete look. You can also frame a hearth with wood if you wish to go further and then fill it with any number of things such as cement, sand, polished river rock or crushed gravel depending on your decor.

If you do make a brick or stone hearth and firebox, it is possible to use gas moderately and safely. Otherwise you can always use electric logs. NOTE: Be sure to plan outlets or gas pipes in advance.

Don't overlook the possibility of a mantle. It's a simple matter to construct the lower portion of your framing wider than the upper to allow support for a mantle and an overhang of six to twelve inches on both ends. A one-step solution for a mantle is a length of 4'x12' lumber cut at the lumber yard to your specifications.

Another simple and modern design for a fireplace unit can be achieved by constructing a hood coming down from the ceiling and bunding underneath a hearth varying in height from the thickness of a brick to 12 inches and faced with brick, slate or stone.

A rather unique covering for this kind of fireplace is carpeting. Carpet the hood area with plush shag or loop pile or fur—fake, most likely. I have seen it done and it really will work. Of course, if you're into leather, you can do it in black leather with studs. The studs will love it.

These few ideas are basic to getting a fireplace into your home and out of your mind. This is only a shallow beginning at best. Let your own imagination soar.

And the next time you bring that lovely find home for the night, turn on your fires by your own fireplace. He'll love it and so will you. And when there's no one special to share it, it will always be a pleasant place where you can curl up and enjoy a few moments alone.

—FRED JEROLE

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IN TOUCH dines out

With all the "warnings" at the beach, I am saddened to add another—La Caravelle Restaurant. My scampi arrived sizzling(?) in an unattractive thick, bitter sauce and the a la carte asparagus soup needed salt—any salt! Maybe a pint of their cream sherry "house" dressing might be nice to go. My three potato

puffs were soggy. The demi-glace on my gristled New Yorker Poiver was without Mirepoix (grated vegetables) and possibly Espagnole sauce. The two asparagus were for show and I won't drag you through the dessert course. At a possible \$10 per person, I felt badly for the wife-dominating, elderly couples and trade

straight from the highway clientele. Maybe you can translate the wine list. That accomplishment should entitle you to a full scholarship in viniculture at University of California-Davis.

La Caravelle Restaurant

213/454-6521

Pacific Coast Highway &

Santa Monica Canyon

Dinners at 5PM—Closed Mondays

Bestowing stars, or rating points, to a restaurant's attributes is a very simple process. Let me explain my method. Star I is given for the quality, quantity and variety of the food items. And of equal importance is how they are prepared and arranged, with the end result being eye-appealing, taste-provoking and nourishing.

Star II goes to all the services you might need from the moment you arrive to the time you leave. You are a guest and there should be hosts. A maitre d', or head waiter, should greet you and seat you. He is there to inform you of any menu changes or recommend favorite food items, to oversee your bar needs, and assist with the wine list. Waiters, a vanishing breed, are representatives of the kitchen and the house. As a rule of thumb, they only do extras and work miracles if the house permits. Their prime concern should be to see that you dine effortlessly. A vintage delight to observe is "crumbing" the table before your coffee and dessert courses. Busboys, too often mistaken for waiters, should clean ashtrays, refill water and coffee, clear everyone's course dishes promptly, get the waiter for you and just occasionally look in on the table. As to the table service of glassware, china and flatware (also add seasonings and condiment containers), a statement can be derived about the house. Fresh linens and flowers are a very good sign.

Star III I give to the restaurant's physical attributes. The exterior, interior(s), restrooms, decorations (kind, quality and number) and the style of the menu itself. All are meaningful. Of prime importance, once you are seated, is the diner's general comfort and space. If too dimly lighted, loaded with decorations, thick carpets and changing waiters, health problems could abound. The rule of thumb is it either looks clean or it is not.

Star IV is for the owners' adherence

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to a theme, be it omelettes, country-style cooking, or organic. Environment, menu selections, non-routine food preparation, plus theme-educated waiters, are most important. A house that specializes may have a habit of overcooking, resulting in leftovers, and watch for too varied a menu.

The restaurant which provides all those finer things mentioned above, and yet more, is The Studio Grill, across the street from Goldwyn Studios. I will begin explaining their elusive 5th-star qualities with the comment, and no snobbery intended, that if you have not toured Europe/Orient, chances are 5-star establishments will not work their full magic on you. A student of gastronomy requires few tools—an appreciation of flavors, a wide experience of eating and cooking, and above all, a considerable sensory memory. I give The Studio Grill a fifth star for its dedication in maintaining all the above, but only to that limit which creates a very fresh aesthetic presence of what is truly important in a dining-out experience. They dare just beyond reason.

And now to the superlatives. Appetizers chosen are complements and in contrast to what will follow. Red caviar Greco-style, avocadoes vinaigrette, clams in green sauce, etc., that pique the appetite and not satiate it. Soup may be hot whipped asparagus that you spoon into, or insane roquetort creme with fresh mushroom slices and homemade croutons—crisp, golden and garlic-y.

Entrees of game hen coated in a Chinese plum sauce with black cherries, inch-thick red snapper fillets sautéed or cold poached salmon, both with inch-thick hollandaise, or a crock of Portuguese cioppino with scarlops hiding among all those shells that make up that thick sopping sauce. Maybe "basque" eggplant casserole or curried eggs and vegetables Indonesia with chutney and there is Spanish-style roe shrimp, when in season. The vegetables are undercooked for color, taste and crispness and endowed with butter, condiments or sauces.

Dessert is a must, so plan ahead—it should all take about two hours. There's walnut/raspberry tort a la mode, frozen pear melba glazed royally in fresh strawberry purée, fruit and cheese, or maybe, steamed Portuguese chocolate bitter pudding with whipped cream

and topped by a black cherry.


Perhaps the secret to a 5-star is its similarity to good theatre. Alive, exciting, well-rehearsed and produced, with all hands dedicated to each performance—which is your total dining enjoyment. The Studio Grill has been running for three years-plus and is produced and directed by John Livingston, actor (stage and films) and Ardison Phillips, artist (acrylics and laser). "Kitchen" conducted by Tom Rolla, choreographer (New York Applause) and the

house manager is Carlos (who keeps it all together) Cards. B/A, M/C. Reservations. Weekdays, four or more; weekends a must.

The Studio Grill
213,874-9202
7321 Santa Monica Blvd.
Closed Sunday
Lunch: 12-2:30 Daily
Dinner: 6:30-10:30 Mon.-Thurs.
Till 11:30 Fri. & Sat.

—BILL ARSENEAUX

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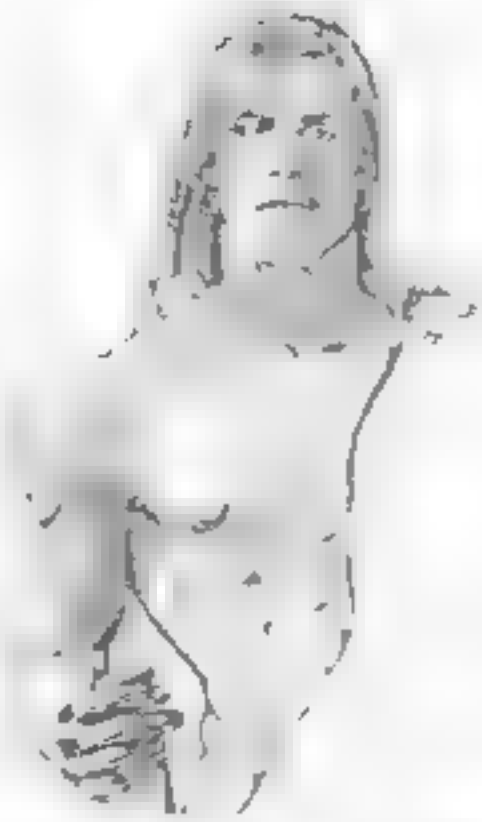
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the **IN TOUCH** body

A few months back, we unfortunate Angelenos were in the grip of a gas shortage that terrified a lot of us and, public transportation being what it is in this sprawling town, quite a few people were left stranded at home on weekends, with nothing to do.

We mostly had adequate gas in our tanks, but few wanted to run out on the way to work Monday morning—so after that interminable wait in line Friday evening, or Thursday, if that was our turn for the 10-gallon limit, people just didn't want to waste the precious stuff on a trip that wasn't absolutely necessary.

That's when Angeleno ingenuity took over. Overnight we were pedaling our asses around town on bikes. It was hard going at first. I for one hadn't ridden two wheels in a few years, and, for a guy who writes a practical column on good health, it was real embarrassing to be pedaling as hard as I could and still get overtaken by a guy twice my age—and to top it off, he looked like he wasn't even trying!

But that's now all in the past, along with my first week's sore leg muscles and aching crotch. At present, whenever I feel the urge to go somewhere under five miles, I use my bike. It is at times such an enjoyable experience that I make excuses just to go for a ride.

The benefits to your health attributed to bicycling are almost too numer-

ous to mention. Take, for instance, my Uncle Bill, who admitted to being 67 this past May 4th. For several years he's had a hard time keeping up with the younger crowd, and he'd resigned himself to basket weaving and tropical fish. This past Christmas I'd given him a bike, and now the old rascal is racing up and down the bikeway at the beach throwing passes at all the young studs he can find.

I've noticed improvements in my own bod as well—my hips and ass are a lot firmer and my legs feel great—they never get tired. I feel like I could ride all day on my bike and outrun a deer when I get off.

One of the nicest aspects of bike riding is that you're forced to exercise without realizing it. You're usually so intent on getting someplace you don't even notice your legs straining away against those pedals.

After riding a few days, you'll notice that even your face won't be the same. It will take on a glow that comes from fresh air, sunlight and the constant smiling at the people you pass.

I don't think there is any better aphrodisiac either. The constant movement in your thigh and groin are a massage that keeps that ol' prostate gland in fine order. Think I'm kidding, try it. In a few days you'll be chasing after every stud you see just like my Uncle Bill.

—JIM CASSIDY



David Carter pedals his bike around the beach as part of his program to stay in shape.

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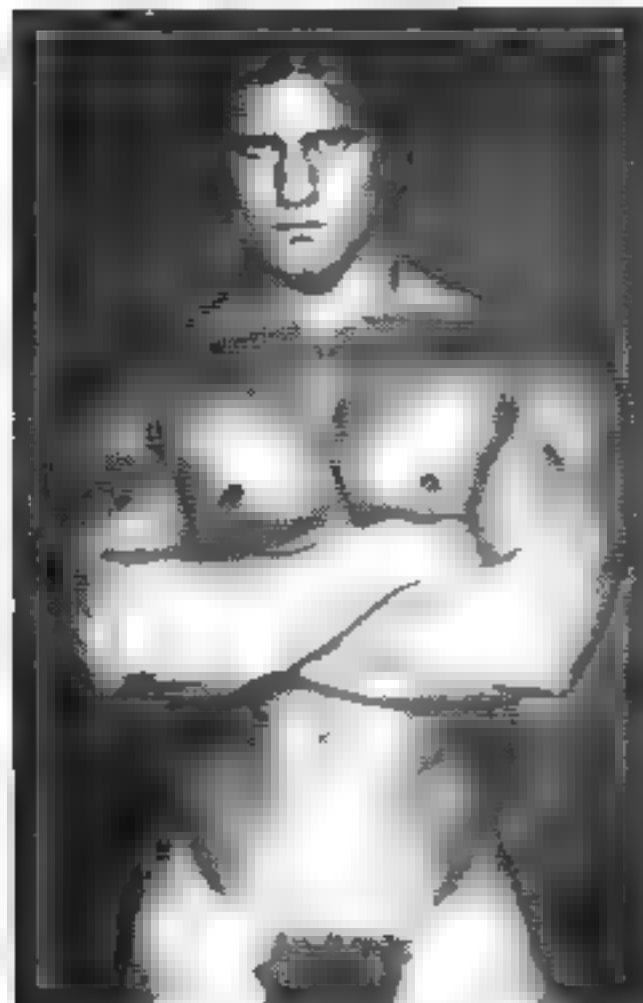
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music

Croce is the current chart oddity. He has only achieved real superstar status since his untimely death. This strange death phenomena seems to be an inherent fact of the record business—Hendrix, Joplin, et al. Not only does Jim Croce have all three of his LP's on the charts and in the top twenty-five a year after his death, but he also has a smash single as well, "I'll Have to Say I Love You in a Song." The best LP's are the two more recent ones, *Life and Times* (ABC ABCX-769) and the one containing that current hit, *I Got a Name* (ABC ABCX-797). It would have been interesting to see how he would have followed it all up. A loss of such a good talent is really very sad.

Deodado, on his way to superstardom, is doing it the hard way, as an instrumentalist. He had one giant hit single in "Also Sprach Zarathustra"—which was the 2001 theme—and followed it with an equally giant LP. His subsequent efforts have met great success and his latest, *Whirlwinds* (MCA-410) is the best yet. The title tune should make a fine AM radio chart item. He's helped immensely by the fact that he's accepted by all factions—pop, jazz, middle-of-the-road and even a few classical stations.

There are a number of waiting-in-the-wingers who've already had that very necessary hit single and strong follow-up

LP. Most likely to succeed is Terry Jacks whose *Seasons in the Sun* (Bell 1307) has been this year's biggie so far and was number one on the British charts, too. That's always a big help. Britain's own David Essex with his super-swinging rocker recalling earlier times, *Rock On* (Columbia KC-32560), just might start another musical redcoat invasion. He could happen hard and fast. Also possible are Billy Joel and *Piano Man* (Columbia KC-32544), a bright fresh talent, not afraid of exploration; Todd Rundgren and the best of all his current work, *Todd* (Bearsville 2-BR-6952), who's best known as a producer but his own performing act is coming together very fast; and finally Rick Derringer's *All American Boy* (Blue Sky KZ-32481) which only needs the slightest nudge to set it skyward.

ON THE FLIP SIDE

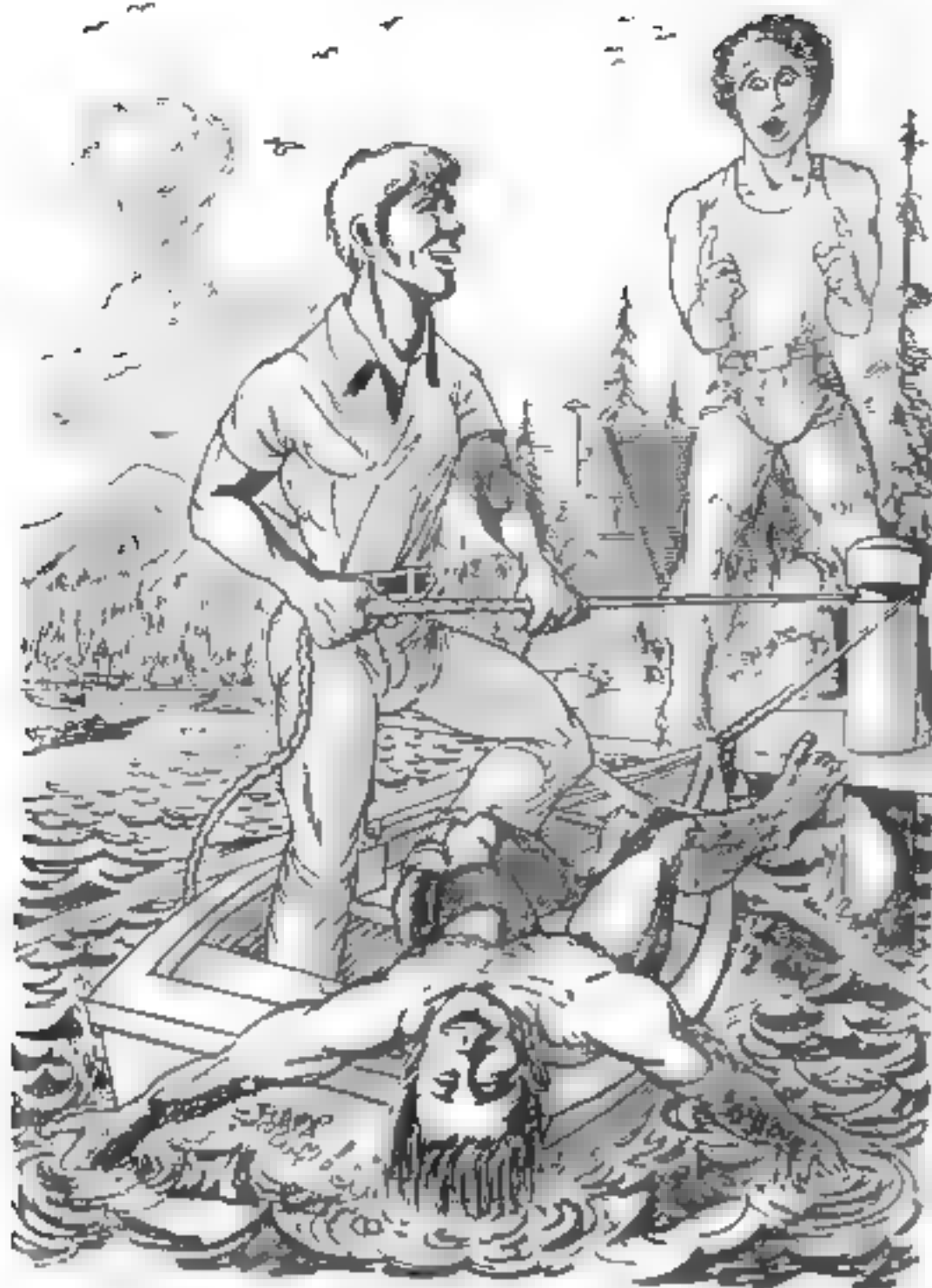
It couldn't happen to two nicer guys, Mr. Country and Mr. Soul. Very seldom do country and western artists tromp all over the pop charts—in fact, it hasn't happened since Johnny Cash kicked them in the head in the early Sixties. But now Charlie Rich, the Silver Fox, has done just that. He's another label relocater ending a long association with RCA who tend to keep the C&W artists pretty much in that limited area. His switchover to Epic, a Columbia Records subsidiary, suddenly flashed out a firecracker string of hits led off by "Behind Closed Doors." It has been that follow-up LP that has really done the trick for

him. His new one on Epic, *Very Special Love Songs* (KE-32531), has joined the first and even pulled his last RCA release, *There Won't Be Any More* (APL-1-0433) right up there too. Thus we have a longtime country performer entering the world of pop-superstar and establishing himself as possibly the most important "new" male artist of the year.

The success story of the year tag goes to Stevie Wonder, one of the few black male performers to be able to grab and hold on to that elusive superstardom longevity in the pop field. Wonder really left an indelible mark this year with an almost overwhelming group of grammies for the best of just about everything, a long string of hit singles and currently two smash LP's on the label he's clung to since his teenage beginnings, Tamara, part of the Motown family, the label that seems to have by far the best rapport with the really talented black artist. The earlier of the two albums, *Talking Book* (T-319), is more along the standard LP lines with lots of hits strung together. *Innervisions* (T-326) is a different story. True to its name, it's an inward look, finding both the pain and joy of black experience, a soaring and incredible experience for anyone who'll brave the trip with Wonder.

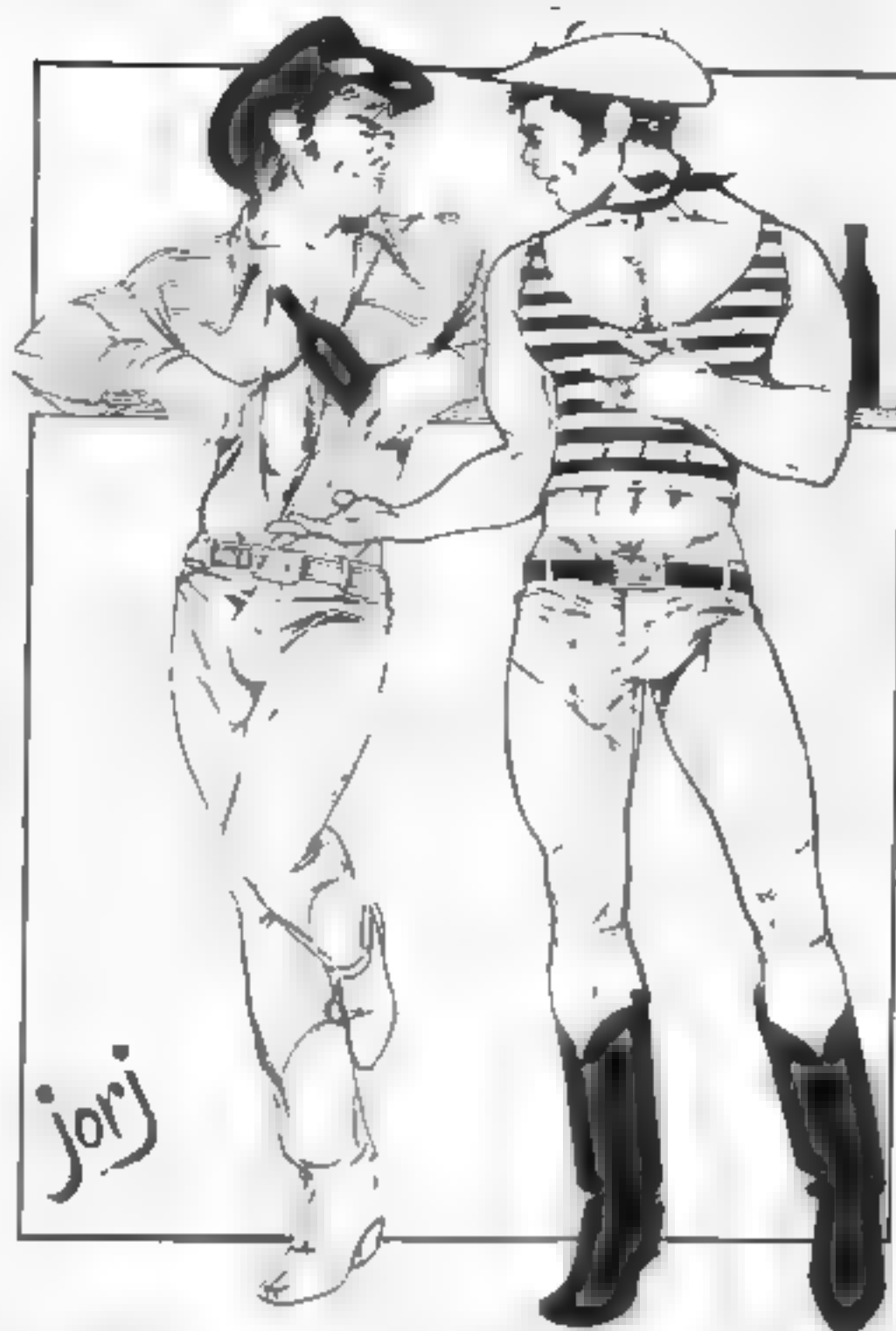
These two superb but separately pathed artists are finally finishing first after long, hard, personal struggles. They both deserve all the best and finally seem to be getting just that.

HUGH HARRISON



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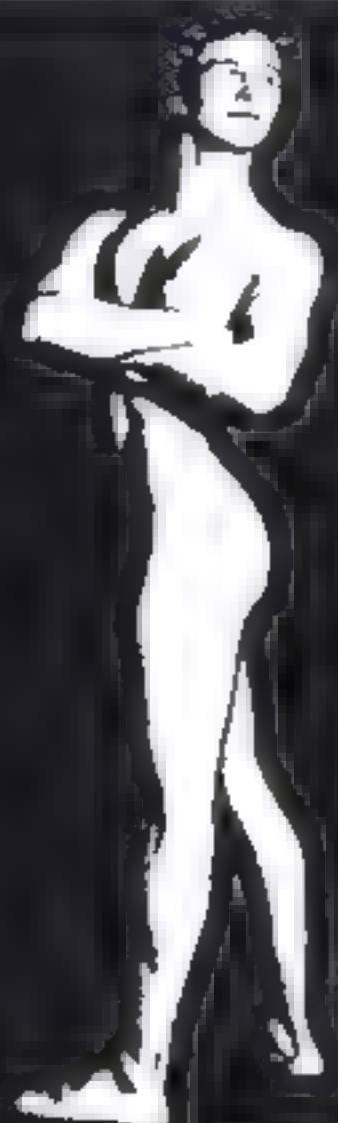
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SERPENT & CLUB — Private club. Clean, responsible institution. Large growing crowd each night. Gym, Sauna, Color TV, 25 rooms, 4109 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood.

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ARLO'S - Way out there somewhere the city lights get less thick and you can begin to clear the blur of space between one neon sign and the other no so. The chirp of crickets as you pass through tunnels of dark country road and see the lights on the roof in the distance. Inside it is warm and cheerful with an out-of-town junction function. New and catching on a discotheque in Rialto, north outside of Fontana. 5361 Locust Ave., Rialto.

THE ATTIC - North Hollywood very mixed interweaving crowds. Big boys and girls Sunday socials. 11717 1/2 Victory Blvd., North Hollywood.

BEACH BOY - Beachcomber set in the middle of Hollywood. Serving light menu. 7113 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.

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BRADLEY'S CORNER - Nice, groovy bar in the Haight area. Serves brunch on the weekends. Spaghetti feed on Tuesday nights, \$1.25. 900 Cole Street, San Francisco.

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CLUB CARNATION — This is a steady but it has a steady and faithful clientele. Serves brunch on the weekends. Some women patrons. 1000 13th Ave., San Francisco.

CONNIE'S WHY NOT? — Surviving spot in the Mission and Valencia districts. Long bar and a good view of the city. 878 Valencia Street, San Francisco.

CROW'S NEST — Light atmosphere. Extra management willing to please new customers. Weekends filled with young and old friends. 9306 E. Alameda, Belvedere.

DAILY DOUBLE — Pleasant and cozy. Not too friendly to a few evening members. 3739 E. Colorado, Pasadena.

DAVID — And now entertainment for a night. The place has remained and is now over to Lloyd's. Still primarily dining with good bar. Great for that romantic rendezvous or secret affair. Interesting. 1000 13th Ave., Hollywood.

DE PAUL'S — Heavy trade mixes it up with beautiful exotic drag. Happy, rugged, Trotsky, and lively rough mob. On Vine Street North of Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

DOGPATCH SALOON — Neat little place in the Valencia area. Managed by local celebrity. Rarely crowded except on special occasions. But there's a friendly glow about the spot anyway. Mostly patronized by an over-30 crowd. 3481 18th Street, Valencia.

DOLL ROOM — Mixed little beach bar with motherhood and sisterhood. Drink here. 1000 13th Ave., San Diego.

EARLY BIRD — Long, roomy bar, with jukebox. Pool table in rear. Contests and pool events. Occasional buffets. Attracts an upper middle class crowd. 1000 13th Ave., San Francisco.

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FRENCH BULL — Long curving bar lets you take in all the available local folks and studs in relaxed atmosphere, for all folks. 5661 Sepulveda Blvd., Van Nuys.

FRIENDS — Open from Thursday to Sunday slowly catching on and building loyal neighborhood crowd. Truly a place for friends to meet. Nice guys run things here. The idea is catching hold. 735 E. Mission Pomona.

GALLERY ROOM — After dinner cavalcade gentlemen stay on every night to form consistent young crowd. 800 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

GANGWAY — Popular, well-established, sometimes rowdy place of nautical design. Piano, pinball machines, jukebox. Fun and uninhibited ribaldry for the young and older guys alike. 841 Larkin Street, San Francisco.

GOLD RUSH SALOON — Western image

comes to life afterhours. Mixed crowd sociates and then craves after hours western additions. Formerly The Arby. Good jukebox. Nice guys running the joint, trying hard out there. 480 Pomona Mall, Pomona.

HANGED MAN PLB — The corner bar has turned gay. Small but not quiet, beer and pool neighborhood tournaments. 10512 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood.

THE HANG UP — Factory queens mix with foundry trade in small joint with good jukebox and beer. Cruisy party on weekends for small bunch. 780 Santa Fe, Huntington Park.

THE HAVEN — The Valley comes into downtown Hollywood. There's plenty of room for dancing in this growing little clubhouse. 5903 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

HAVOC HOUSE — This bistro features a live rock band on Fridays and Saturdays, and country and western music on Sundays 5-9 PM. Small but the joint jumps when it's crowded. 1546 Park Street, San Francisco.

HUB NUB — Former straight bar which has gone gay to pick up business. Seems to be drawing a good number of the guys who do the rounds. Pleasant atmosphere. 700 Geary Blvd., San Francisco.

HOP HOUSE — Neighborhood boys' bar around the corner from Dablow. Growing lively atmosphere. Frownsome crowd. 3827 Park Blvd., San Diego.

HORNEY OWL — Small neighborhood bar

attracts a swinging bunch. Mixed clientele. Gets a bit wild and noisy at times, but fun. 741 O'Farrell St., San Francisco.

HOUSE OF HARMONY — Popular for the Polk Street bunch. Entertainment, frequently featuring a local celebrity. Walk in, you're sure to get acquainted fast. 1512 Polk Street, San Francisco.

HUNKY HORSE SALOON — FUNNY little bar near enough to beach and baths. Take look one with the gang atmosphere. Sundays good. Afterhours weekends. 5420 La Jolla Blvd., La Jolla.

INQUIRE — Long bar with plenty of friends sitting around. Very personal and almost private. Sometimes wandering minstrels, entertainment. Co-bians educated. 3974 Atlantic, Long Beach.

JACKIES — Practically private for straights and drags only. 6123 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

JB HOUSE — Famous Market Street bar has changed its name again (formerly L.B. and The Tree House). Still serving brunches in addition to the usual libations. On Tuesdays and Thursdays there's chicken in a basket for \$1. Look for it at 1884 Market Street, San Francisco.

JOLY'S — Neighborhood weeknights becomes hot spot for the Wishing District on weekends. Gets crowded and sometimes cruisy. Dinners, moderate prices. 117 S. Western, Wishing District, Los Angeles.

august's *In Touch*



PERSONALITY George Rose is celebrating 30 years as an actor this year by winning rave notices on Broadway in *My Fat Friend* (see this issue). His film and theatre credits alone fill a page. His comments and observations create one of the most enlightening interviews *In Touch* has presented.

RISEING STAR David Winn is currently making his stage debut touring the country with Claudette Colbert in *Community of Two* and is a very successful commercial model.

COMMUNITY LEADER Stephen Papish has had so many careers in entertainment that it's almost impossible to cram them into one interview. Still, this impresario's tales of the great and near-great will open the eyes.

DISCOVERY Dressed, Dennis Ellis is just another handsome young Los Angelean. Strip this Leo (a sign of the times) and you find the superb musculature and grace of a cat and of the gymnast that Dennis is.

FASHION Something different. The clothes are for dress-up occasions and the models include the very unique Belle who has to be experienced to be believed.

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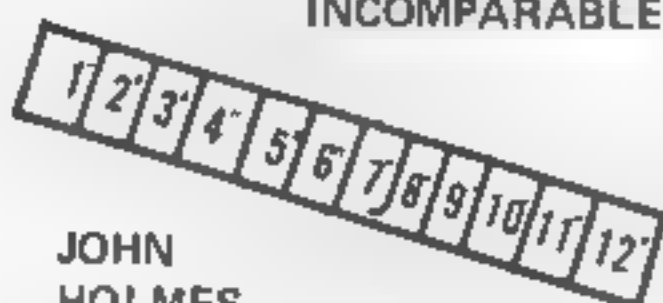
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film

is the investigation of a minor character. While the big stories go on all about him, this minor character goes on about his job neither content nor envious. He is uncomfortable but not upset. He is unhappy but incapable of rage. He is intelligent but dull. He is the enigma of the middle. He has feelings of apprehension that he misunderstands. He has opinions without original thought. His doubts are handled by his religion with the same style of disengagement as his work. His courage dare not face up to its dependency upon a system whose hypocrisy and corruption feeds him. He is the totally corrupted man, a man corrupted long before it even mattered so that now he has nothing to give anyone. His moral character spent, he can now only half-heartedly wallow in a past *mistake*. The mistake takes on more significance than his daily morality could ever allow. His half-hearted wallow almost tricks him into thinking that he is not going to allow the *mistake* to happen again. Instead of preventing it, he follows behind it step by step with the safest low whimper of a complaint. With an unexpected twist the second *mistake* is even more hideous than the one he had tried to forget. He becomes a silent accomplice to murder. Barely a man, he appears to be the absolute norm. This is the nightmare quality of the character and Gene Hackman furishes it with the grace of a fine actor.

more film

"In the village of Leisure, in the land

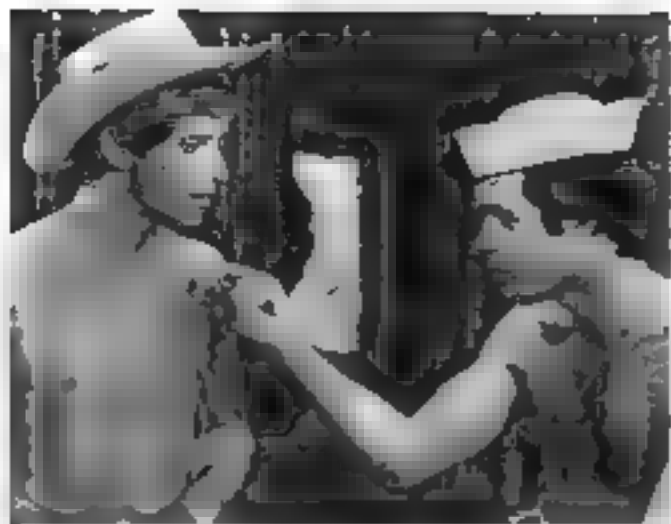
of Play, deep within the Erogenous Zone," live a married couple who not only enjoy a permissive sex life, but who make a game of it by keeping Score.

Radley Metzger has successfully adapted the off-Broadway hit *Score* into a delightfully humorous film. Courageous Metzger believed that playwright Jerry Douglas' examination of married life sex-swapping would prove to be a unique cinema experience. It is.

Straight adult film audiences are being treated to a special joyous delight. Considering that until now homosexuals only took prat falls and did Step-n-Fetch-it routines, and considering that the entire film's theme is homosexuality as a side dish for swingers, the film is easily classified as *revolutionary*. More than any other form of entertainment straight porno has held fast to many archaic taboos. It took the sexual revolution for men to take off their clothes to have sex in most of these films and at first only hippies were so disgraced. With fiendish humor Metzger has not only presented straight porn showing two men engaged in sexual play but his leading hetero is none other than Casey Donovan, aka Cal Culver.

The particular niche that this film finds itself occupying in the evolution of pornography and erotica may classify it as a revolutionary film but it is a much more worthy film than that. It is entertaining and enjoyable, filled with sophisticated humor dependent upon an abundance of subtle innuendo and side glance. It is well written, well balanced, and witty, a play with some exceptionally fine performances. It is a fine, successful achievement on all counts. See it.

TARGET is coming!



Calvin Culver and Gerald Grant turn themselves and each other on with their fantasy role-playing in "Score" (Audubon—above) Kirk Luna wards off his assailants in "Drive" (Hand in Hand—below).

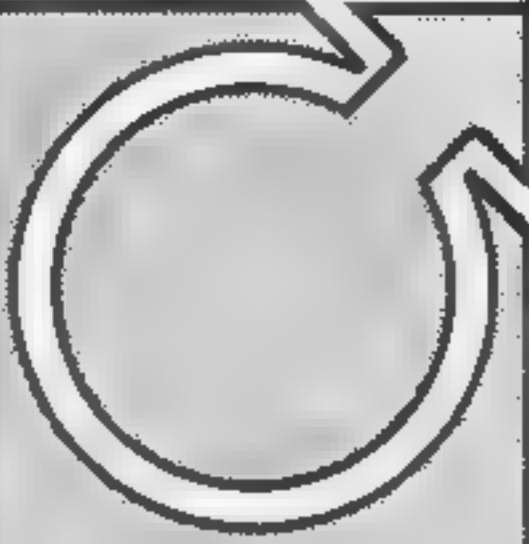


Arachne's tale of a secret drug to eradicate sexual desires, to eliminate sexual DRIVE. A tale perhaps too funny to be told without being told exceptionally well, Drive is not a telling of Arachne's tale exceptionally well. It is more, perhaps, too much more. Drive is not only the telling of Arachne's undoing but also an overly ambitious display of super-spy pyrotechnics that depicts the film's humor with spectacle.

Director of Cinematography Jack Deveau has not spread his talents so thin that he neglected to deliver a beautiful looking film with plenty of intelligent movement. Drive is a production achievement in most respects except direction. Perhaps the greatest reason for this is the casting. Although the cast includes a few professional actors, not all the performers in Drive earn their living in front of the camera. Their current occupations include fashion photographer, jewelry designer, student, playwright, waiter, manager of a dance company, policeman, bartender, magazine editor, filmmaker, business manager, art director, adult fiction writer, manager of a nightclub, hustler, film editor, dancer and bank teller. Drive ... about fifty very complusive men, is certainly that

Sex drive pushes the film over the brink and into the sink, a raunchy, nasty, dirty, bloody sink of exploitable scenes, that are nonetheless brought to life artistically with all the luridness of trash comics. Generally the sex in the film is slow in getting off but get off it does. Undoubtedly the first penetration shot is the best this reviewer has ever seen. It was graceful but hot

The film is narrated by Arachne with a flip delivery from Mary Jim SStunding of lines that are too tacky to be funny for too long. She begins her seedy tale at the typewriter, making a plea to her "public" that her side of the story not be lost: Under the direction of the government, a brilliant young scientist named Hardison has developed a secret drug reported to eradicate sexual desire. Arachne, having heard about the drug through her massive spy network, realizes that it is the final solution to fulfill



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FREE PARKING ON THE PREMISES

ing a dream of ending sex in the world Arachne sends her henchmen to capture fellatingly silly scientist Dr. Hardison, hoping to force him to make the drug so that she might pollute the water supplies of the world. (Certainly a faster and neater procedure than her current practice of castration)

The kidnapping is bungled and the silly scientist escapes. The government wants to find Dr. Hardison before the evil Arachne. So, enter the hero, Clark, played excitingly by Kirk Luna, is the beautiful young super-agent stud. All his

scenes blow the trumpets before he enters but instead of jumping out of his civvies into his cape he ambles in front of the camera. The character is enmeshed in the manipulations of everyone around him and in his own aimlessness, always moving, always alert, almost as if he were "everyman" whose facelessness as a real person is allegorized by his wordlessness. When a film is stringing several sex scenes of diverse nature and proportions into one production it is very convenient to have the central character wander about from one scene

to another. But Clark is not supposed to be the central character. As evil as Arachne could be seen to be, it is her story and she insists that she is the protagonist out to save man from his misery. Clark, the antagonist, finally jumps into his leathers and drives off on his bike up to Woodstock to rendezvous with Dr. Hardison. Their quick but beautiful affair is interrupted by Arachne's henchmen, who abduct the two young stud-lovelies and carry them off to Arachne's dungeon, where she has decided that if the good scientist won't give her the secret formula she is quite willing to return to her old-style crusade. And, if he does not cough up, it will be super-spy stud Clark who will be CUT OFF from the pleasures first Clark's self-control prevails in what could have been one of the funniest gags in porno history but unlike Clark's tool's performance the scene goes limp. And that is indicative of the film's basic problem. The script is hilarious and the direction is somber. As a whole it fails to meet its own intent but as a collection of entertainment it can hardly be topped.



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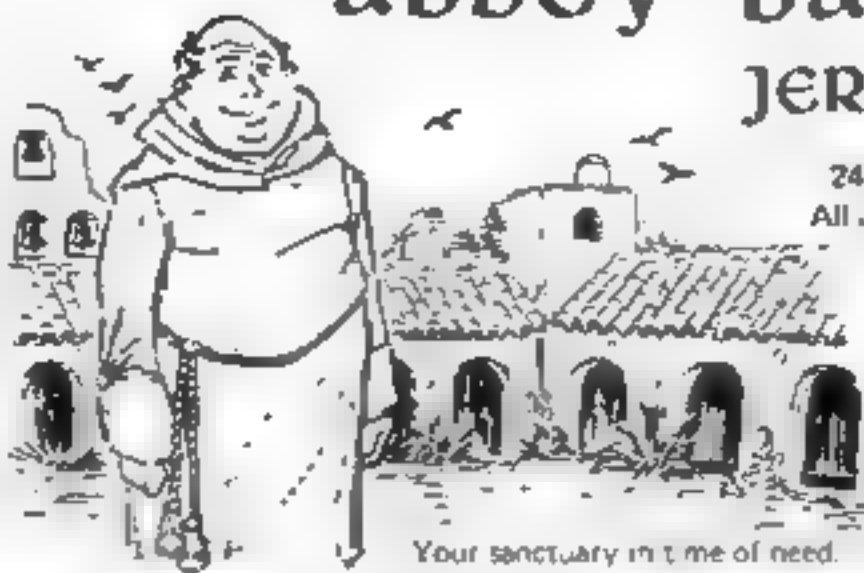
theatre

loses out and, last but not least, Patrick McFadden's notion merchant who is railroaded into marriage. Mr. McFadden, along with Timothy Scott, created the magnificent set. James R. Gammon is responsible for the award-deserving direction. I knew Bill Inge well. How he would have loved this stunning version of one of his finest plays! His sister has been to see it twice. You owe it to yourself to see it at least once.

Every Other Baby is a two-character comedy in the gorgeously refurbished Oxford Theatre. It boasts an exquisite contemporary set by Bob Daily. It stars Richard Lenz, who wrote it for himself, and Jessica Rains, who is the late Claude Rains' daughter. She is also Mrs. Lenz. Richard looks and sounds exactly like James Stewart but he makes no attempt to conceal this fact. Rather, he capitalizes on it. He is an excellent playwright and a fine farceur with the same ingratiating, pixie quality that made James a multimillionaire. That he should be so much like him is perhaps far from ideal, as carbon copies do not fare well in Hollywood. But Mr. Lenz is so endlessly resourceful an actor you care about him deeply and his wife becomes a cause of audience concern. He can wear funny little hats and be curiously endearing. And he can do an entire vaudeville schtick alone onstage and be droll, wistful and altogether beguiling with no help from anyone. Not so, perhaps, Jessica. She is a strong actress who can really nail down the edges of a scene but she has a hard veneer to her that is unrelenting. She rarely if ever softens up and she is almost entirely unfeminine. Indeed, she becomes so unpleasant, so bitterly caustic you begin to wonder why Richard puts up with her. Yet her unique kookiness leaves an indelible impression. She grows on you as you come to understand that, when they made her, they threw away the mold. Unlike her husband, there is no one to whom she can be compared. And this, in itself, is vastly important for an actress. But, oh dear, I do wish she would warm up a little and not fly into so many unmotivated rages. Every Other Baby is the sort of cream puff comedy Claudette Colbert was looking for in the Shubert recently.

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en other properties which, transferred to the musical medium, became sensational Broadway hits. There's a showy part for a star personality in the old Bette Davis role, and a ready-made, surefire plot to borrow. Easy. It ought to be a natural.

But ... as any star or playwright who's weathered a flop will tell you, nothing in the theatre is simple or surefire. *All About Eve* translated into Applause didn't turn out to be such a natural as everyone hoped it might. The nuances of a plot and characterizations captured magnificently by the intimate eye of the camera were not developed into a sensational book for the stage version by Comden and Green, even with lines stolen boldly from the movie. Something else was discovered to be lacking, too. For a musical, you need music. At least, a couple of songs which the audience can leave the theatre humming. That, my friends, Applause didn't get and still ain't got.

Therein lies the trouble with the Kimo/Charles Pierce collaboration, as it did with the Lauren Bacall and Anne Baxter versions of the show. A well-

It is funny and wise and clearly illuminates the inner conflicts of two very real people. It probes deeply into their relationship and the audience comes to thoroughly enjoy their company as the evening wears on. That Richard and Jessica are married is no handicap. They work together with the precision of a fine watch and they rehearse (a la the Lunts) until their performances shine like jewels. Rod Browning has directed them with skill and style. Their play is a thin sliver of sun in a dreary world.

—ALLAN LEOPOLD

The much-heralded and long-awaited Kimo production of Applause, with Charles Pierce in the role of Margo Channing, finally opened at California Theatre in San Francisco on May 4th for a scheduled run of several weekends, playing Wednesdays through Sundays. First-nighters were enthusiastic and gave the star a standing ovation.

All About Eve was a superb movie, now recognized as a classic. So somebody must have thought why not turn it into a razzle-dazzle musical? Look what happened with *Auntie Mame* and a doz-

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known star, a competent director, a good choreographer and supporting players, etc., etc., can only make a draggy script (you should excuse that expression!) and a weak score seem a little better than they really are. Repeat, only a little better. Without the basic ingredients for a hit musical—i.e., fast-moving book, good music and lyrics—the whole thing is a lost cause.

Let's admit that the Kimo production has a lot of things going for it. It's been well-staged and directed by the producer, and money has obviously been spent on the show. It looks good. Mike Biagi is an excellent musical director, and his Walnut Creek orchestra (as Charles referred to the group in his amusing curtain speech) really sounds like a top-flight Broadway band. The costumes and scenery (in spite of last-minute backstage crises) are quite good. Choreography by Jean Martin is stylish and exuberant. The entire technical crew is to be congratulated. Bouquets to the technical crew for effort.

Among the performers Audrey Holmes is piquant and charming as Eve, the poison in Margo Channing's green

tea, although a bit stiff in line delivery here and there. She has a great voice, though, and she stops the show cold with her brief second-act reprise of "But Alive." John Noles, as Margo's lover Bill Sampson, has a fine baritone. Unfortunately, he has no really good number to sing to properly display it. These two talented people are just wasted in their assignments, because the composer and lyricist gave them nothing to work with.

Tony Michaels, as Margo's swishy hairdresser, is all energy and socks over the show's best tune, the title song. The singing and dancing choruses light up the stage with every production number. When they're onstage the show comes to life.

Then, of course, we have the inimitable, incandescent Charles Pierce in the flashy role of Margo Channing.

It is no secret, to Charles or anyone else, that I have been a devoted fan of his for years. As an impressionist in a gay nightclub, working with his own material (honed and polished through countless performances) he has no peer. All of my reviews of his work have been



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not lines from the original script. So it's Charles Pierce we see onstage and not Margo Channing.

Well, who cares? He gives the people what they want. Maybe he's stuck with the image he's created over the years and maybe he can never get away from it. With most of his fans, he can do no wrong. His performance in Applause will probably pack the California Theatre for weeks and like Pearl Bailey, who can break up in the middle of a scene onstage, ad lib, forget lyrics and God-knows-what-else, and still make the audience love her, Charles will continue with his own brand of shenanigans. An ordinary performer couldn't get away with it, but since when has Charles Pierce been an ordinary performer? When they bury him, he'll probably pop his head out of the casket with some sly remark suitable for that occasion.

I wish I could give Applause an unqualified rave. The best I can say, however, is that it's better than average entertainment, well produced, and worth seeing for the pyrotechnic performance of its star, Charles Pierce.

—DOUGLAS DEAN

open love letters.

In Applause, however, Charles is treading water in a new lagoon. He is no longer sailing in familiar seas, repeating material which has proved successful in his club act. In tackling the part of Margo Channing he is required to create a character—and a character that is not just Charles Pierce camping it up, but a living, breathing female person. I'm sorry to say he's not completely successful in doing this.

It's not his fault, really. Played straight, as written, the part of Margo in Applause would be a deadly bore. As she says at one point in the action (addressing her playwright friend), "I've had to reach down into the bottom of the barrel and pull out all the shits to make the audience think something amusing is going on"—and that is precisely what Charles has had to do himself. His funniest moments in Applause are when he ad libs, when he refers to streakers, Mrs. Olson (the TV commercial lady) and Anna Maria Alberghetti with her hands in all that salad dressing. Everybody knows at once that those are



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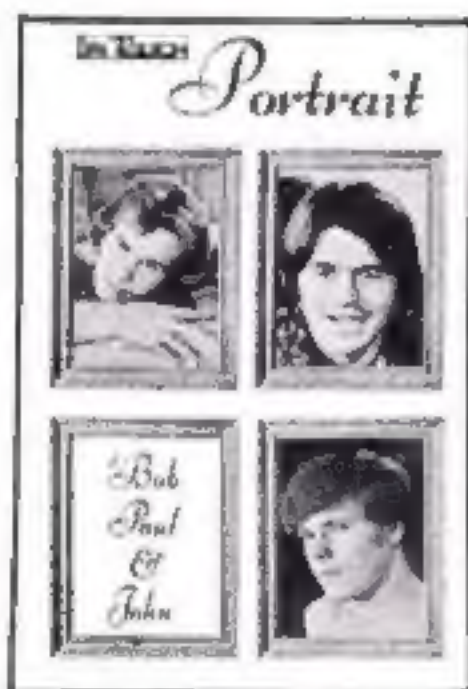
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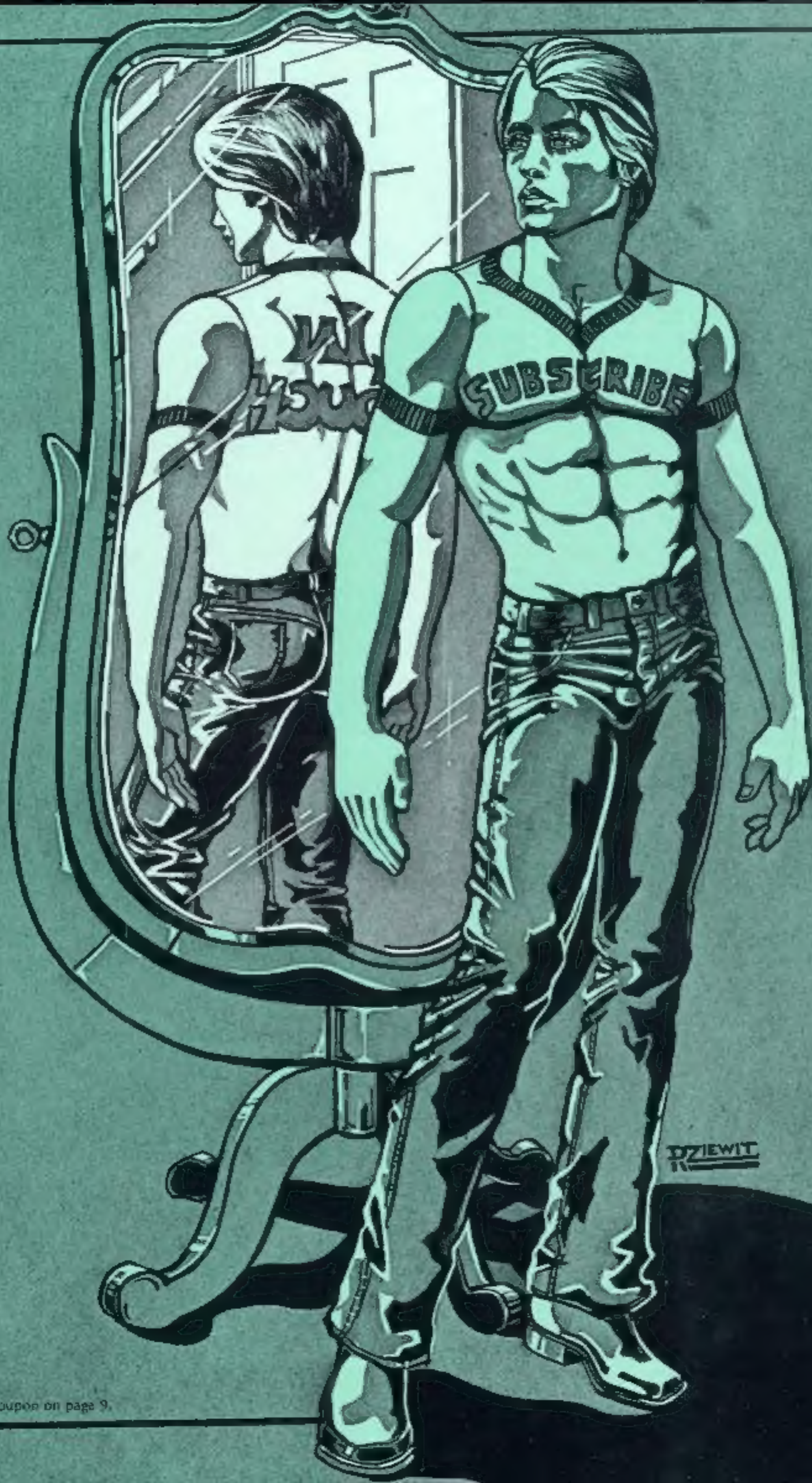
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